
MISCELLANIES
PROSE and VERSE:

By Mr. DENNIS.

2 IMPRIMATUR

Novemb. 17.

EDMUND BÖHUN.

1692.

PROSE and VERSE:

BY M. DENNIS.

MISCELLANIES
IN
Verse and Prose.

*Interdum speciosa locis, recteque morata
Fabula, nullius Veneris, sine pondere & arte,
Valdius oblectat populum; meliusque moratur,
Quam versus inopes rerum, nugaeque canore.*
Horat. de art. Poetica.

By Mr. DENNIS.



L O N D O N,

Printed for James Knapton, at the Crown in
St. Paul's Church-Yard. MDCXCIII.

MISCELLANIES
IN
GUTHRIE AND HAZLE

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BY M. D. C. I. 2

1813

LONDON

Printed for James Knapton, at the Crown in
St. James's Church-Yard, MDCCLXIII.

TO THE
Right Honourable, &c.

My Lord,

I Presume to Dedicate the following Trifles to you, which, if you were one, who judg'd by the Volume, would yet have more the appearance of Trifles. Let them be what they will, they are the most valuable things that I have to offer: and the Obligations which I have to your Lordship are so extraordinary, that to endeavour to make no return, would be down right Ingratitude. Your Lordship will be inclin'd to think me bold to excess, when you hear me

A 3 boast-

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boasting of Favours receiv'd from you, tho perhaps you have never so much as heard of me. Yet, I desire leave to repeat it, the Obligations which I have to you are altogether Extraordinary. For it is owing to your Lordship that I have pass'd some moments of a melancholy Life with inexpressible pleasure. For as reading has always been my chief diversion, your Lordships admirable Writings have been able to give me joy in spite of ill Fate. Your happy and commanding Genius never fail'd to controule my evil weaker one; and seem'd still to cry out to it, Whilst I am by, he must not be unhappy.

Nor have I only the obligation to your Lordship of your own incomparable Writings, but of most of the productions of the best Writers of our Age. 'Tis from your Generous Approbation, that they

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they have deriv'd that spirit which renders their Works Immortal. For when ever a Man who is so truly great as your Lordship, shall vouchsafe to look with a favourable aspect on Poetry, it will not fail to flourish, tho all the Stars look malignantly. Ev'n I, My Lord, who am no Poet, have notwithstanding found that the desire of pleasing so accomplish'd a Judge, has more than once inspir'd me with that noble warmth, which Heaven and Nature deny'd me. When Heaven sent Mecœnas into the World to be first Minister to the Commonwealth of Rome and of Learning, then arose Virgil and Horace, and the rest of those extraordinary Men, whose very single Names are grown to be entire and glorious Panegyricks. When several Ages after him, Cardinal Richlieu was establish'd in France in his double Capacity, the Muses were in-

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erited to pass the Mountains, and breathe
the sweetness of the Gallick Air. Af-
ter Mecœnas and Cardinal Richlieu,
your Lordship will stand eternally re-
corded by Fame, as the last in succeſ-
ſion of that Illuſtrious Triumvirate,
and it will always ſtand recorded to-
gether by the ſame everlaſting Regi-
ſter, That in your Lordſhip's time
England had more good Poets, than
it could boaſt from the Conqueſt to
You before. By animating and exci-
ting the very beſt of which, you will
for ever oblige all thoſe who are to
receive Delight and Inſtruction from
them. This is your goodneſs grown ſo
diffuſive, that its influence extends to
thouſands whom you never heard of. Ti-
tus was the Delight and Joy of man-
kind, but your Lordſhip is, and for ever
will be ſo. You have found out a better
way than either Mecœnas or Richlieu,
to oblige not only the preſent Age, but
ev'n

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even remotest Posterity. For if we cherish Meccenas his Memory, tho we know that he endeavour'd at the same time to polish and enslave the World; if the Memory of Richlieu be dear to us, tho at the same time that he treated the Muses magnificently, he laid the cursed design of Europe's Captivity: with what blessings must not we mention your Lordship, when we consider that we owe at once our Delight and our Safety to you? For at the very time that you are the Delight and Joy of your Age, and Ornament of your Country, at the very time that you exalt the Honour of England by your own admirable Writings, and the Labours of those Excellent Men, whom your authentick applause inspires; at the same time by giving wholesome Counsels to our August Monarch, you become instrumental in the defence of our Liberties, and

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and the general security of the Christian World. Meccenas and Richlieu protected the Muses, but their Protection was partly at least political, and necessary for the gaining or softning some unruly Spirits, who would have been else too turbulent for the New Toak. But your Lordship's Patronage proceeds from no sinister end, no unjust design on our Liberties; but purely from the greatness of your noble Mind, and a Godlike principle of inbred Beneficence.

Thus, My Lord, have I been guilty of a fault which is common to all the most supportable Dedications. For I have hitherto told the Publick nothing concerning you, but what I learnt from the Publick before. There is no Man but knows that of all the Nobility your Lordship has been always the most true and most candid

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did Friend to the Muses. Whilst others are employ'd in finding their faults, it is your prerogative to pardon them, and approve their Beauties. This is what is known to every one. . But every one does not know that to find faults requires but common Sense ; but to discern rare Beauties, requires a rare Genius. Thus if your Lordship will pardon so poetical a Similitude, when one of the glories of the fairer Sex, one who was fram'd and design'd by Providence to bless some Man who is greatly good, and give an earnest of Heaven below to him ; when such a one is at any time seen amongst us, the vulgar Spectators, those Criticks in Beauty, are busie in censuring some Mole or some Blemish, or some inconsiderable Irregularity, which Nature industriously perhaps contriv'd with intention to set off her great Masterpiece. But when
a Man

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a Man who has a Soul that in creating was form'd to be mov'd by Beauty, that is, a beautiful Soul, when he contemplates her, he gazes, admires, and loves in a Moment; then follow transporting impatient wishes to return that happiness he receives from the lovely Object. Your Lordship could never be the Muses best Friend, if you were not the Man who understood them best. If you had not height of Genius, and largeness of Soul to comprehend all their Excellencies: If you did not sensibly feel their elevation of thought with all its warmth, its force and its delicacy; which you could never fully discern, if you did not thoroughly understand their Tongues, if you had not skill to judge of its finest Grace, its Vigour, its Purity, its judicious Boldness, its comprehensive Energy, and all its glorious attractive ornaments. Your Lordship could never

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ver be compleatly skill'd in those ornaments, if you had not a piercing and a delicate Eye; an Eye that can readily judge betwixt tawdry Trimming and proper, that can discern betwixt gay and curious Colours, and can distinguish vain gawdy Pageantry, from pompous richness and true Magnificence. You could never converse with the Muses so freely as to understand them fully, if you did not perfectly speak that language of the Gods, in all its Sweetness, all its Abundance, in all the power of its various Numbers, and in all its harmonious Majesty. No, My Lord, you could never be pleas'd to a height with the Writings of others, if in writing, your self you had not felt those happy Enthusiasms, those violent Emotions, those supernatural transports which exalt a mortal above mortality, give delight and admiration to all the World, but shake and ravish a Poets Soul with insupportable pleasure.

JOHN D.

But

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But it is high time to take leave of
a Subject which throws me into a heat,
which is very inconsistent with
the respect that is due to your Lord-
ship's Character.

Otherwise it would be no hard mat-
ter to prove from the same affection
which you bear to the Muses, that
your Lordship's Virtue shines as bright
as your Genius.

Carmen amat quisquis Carminem
digna gerit.

But there is small need of proving
that Virtue which all men discover
by its own light. Your Lordship's
Genius shines but to a few, to none but
those happy few, who have some parti-
cles in their breasts of the same eter-
nal Fire. For inspiration alone can
capacitate a Mortal to behold Celestial
Beauties.

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Beauties. The Vulgar discern it as they do a fix'd Star, they see that it is, they see that it shines: but the Rays that it casts at that infinite distance, can but just reach their benighted Souls thro the horrid gloom that surrounds them; and it is with pleasing wonder that they hear the Sons of Art proclaiming its prodigious Grandeur, its amazing Glory. But all men have a clear Idea of Virtue, tho few have a just notion of Genius. Your Virtue, My Lord, like the Sun, is nearer to them, tho that too is at a mighty distance, yet not so remote but that at the time that it cherishes them, it casts more light upon them, than their Souls can directly bear.

Who does not admire your Goodness, your Charity, your generous Condescension, your greatness of Mind, your noblest Friendship; and to crown all, your
Passionate

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Passionate Concern for your Countries welfare? These are the qualities which have caus'd your Lordship to be belov'd universally, nay, and belov'd too with as much warmth as if you were neither much esteem'd nor respected, yet at the same time so profoundly esteem'd, and in that awfull manner respected, as if you were not belov'd. The news of your late Promotion was receiv'd with the universal acknowledgement, That your Lordship was an honour to that most noble Order, which is an honour to Kings; and we all cryed out unanimously with your own Horace,

Mecœnas equitum decus!

But I must be forc'd to stop short in this full career, lest proceeding I should please all Readers but you, whom of all Readers I would least displease.

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please. Before I conclude, I think fit to acquaint your Lordship, that I omitted the prefixing your name to this bold Epistle for several reasons: the chief of which is that, I might not be liable to the accusation which one of our greatest Wits has some time since brought against dedicating Authors; which is, that they paint so grossly, that it were impossible to know for whom the Dambers design'd their Pictures, if they did not, to inform us, set their names on the Top. I appeal to all those who shall happen to read this, if before they found you nam'd, they did not conclude that what has been said all along could be addrest to no man, and justly applyed to no man, but my Lord Dorset alone. I am,

My Lord,
Your Lordships
most Humble, Most Obedient,
and most faithful Servant,
JOHN DENNIS.

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THE

J. H. DE VRIES

NOTARY AT LAW

WILMINGTON, DEL.

THE PREFACE.

THE Verses composing this little Volume, were Writ on such various Subjects, that many of them requir'd quite different Spirits, and quite oppose Characters. Some of them demanded the Enthusiastick Spirit ; and all that others were capable of was a little good Sense, and an air of Gaity. The first were the most difficult to handle by much; which yet, if they should chance to be manag'd aright, would make me an ample amends for my toil. For tho

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meat Enthusiasm is but Madness, nothing can be more noble than that which is rightly regulated; and nothing can come nearer that which I fancy to be a true description of Wit; which is a just mixture of Reason and Extravagance, that is such a mixture as reason may always be sure to predominate, and make its mortal Enemy subservient to its grand design of discovering and illustrating sacred Truth. When I wrote the Pindarick Ode, the high Idea that I had of the Subject and of the way of writing, made me resolve to spare for no Pains before I set Pen to Paper, that I might form a design which might have something great and Pindarical. For the skilful Reader will easily discern, that the disorder in that Ode is studied, and that the Transitions which appear so wild and so foreign, tend directly to shew what I designed to prove, viz. That the

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the happiness of *England*, and the Success of the Confederacy depended on the King's Person. How I have succeeded I must leave to the Readers to judge; yet not to every Reader. For the Pindarick way, if you'll give credit to a great Master, is dangerous both to Writer and Reader. The first must have some qualities at the time of writing, which are rarely to be found together, as Precipitation and Address, Boldness and Decency, Sublimeness and Clearness, Fury and Sense; the last must have Fancy to see his flights, and Skill to judge of their Art. He who mounts the Pindarick Pegasus may be compar'd to a man a Hawking, who rides at all upon a headlong Hunter, with his Eye still fix'd on a rowring Game, so that he must not only have something of Art, but of Happiness besides, to escape a Fall. Let my Fortune be what it will, my comfort is this, That *Eng-*

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land, since Mr. Cowley's time, has not seen many Pindarick Odes, whose Authors have reason to boast of their kind reception.

I should now say something of the Verses upon the Sea-Fight, and one or two Copies more. But tho they have something in them that seems bold to presumption; yet they have already met with such kind entertainment in the World, that the consideration of that in some measure assures me.

But since almost a third of this little Book consists of Burlesque Compositions, and since Burlesque, at present, lies under the disadvantage of having two great Authorities against it, viz. *Bailean's*, and Mr. *Dryden's*: I think my self oblig'd not only upon that account, but upon consideration too of that wonderful pleasure which I have so often receiv'd from *Butler*, to vindicate Burlesque from the

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the scandal that is brought upon it,
by the Censures of two such extraordinary Men.

The charge of *Boileau* is in his Art
of Poetry, *Chant pre* in these Lines.

*Quoyque vous ecriviez, evitez la bassesse
Le style, le moins noble, a pourtant sa noblesse,*

Au mepris du bon sens le Burlesque effronié.

*Trompa les yeux d'abord, plent parsa
noveaute,*

On ne vid plus en vers que pointes triviales ;

Le Parnasse parla le langage des Hales.

Which in English paraphrastick
Prose, is thus: *Whatever you write, let
a Gentleman's manner appear in it ;
The lowest stile of the man, who knows
how to write, will still have a noble
Air with it. But rightly to observe
this rule, you must be sure to decline
Burlesque, which not long since in-*

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solently appear'd in contempt of Reason, and pleas'd at the expence of good Sense: it pleas'd indeed a while, but pleas'd only as it was a fantastick novelty: It debas'd the dignity of Verse by its trivial Points, and taught Parnassus a Billingsgate Dialect.

This indeed is a violent charge, and may hold very good against *Scaron*, and the French *Burlesque*; but there is not one Article of it but what will fall to the Ground, if it comes to be apply'd to *Butler*. *Scaron's Burlesque* has nothing of a Gentleman in it, little of good Sense, and consequently little of true Wit. For tho there may be good Sense found without Wit, there can be no true Wit, where there is no good Sense. For a Thought that is really witty, must necessarily be true, and have something in it that's Solid; So that Quibbles and all Equivocals can have little or nothing of true Wit in them. Wit is a just mixture of Reason and Extravagance,

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travagance, and the Extravagance must be there, only in order to give the Reason the more lustre. Now that there is little of Reason and good Sense in *Scaron's* Burlesque, all who are acquainted with him, very well know; Instead of it there are equivocal and trivial points in abundance. His language is so very mean that it may well be call'd *le language des Hales*. *Scaron* therefore pleas'd but a while (by his Burlesque, I mean, for his Novels will certainly please eternally) and I do not remember that he has been imitated by any one of the famous *French Wits*. It is no wonder if his manner with all these ill qualities, has been rejected by the *French Court*, and condemn'd by this judicious Poet and Critick.

But the contrary of whatever has been said of *Scaron*, is certainly true of *Butler*: There is seen much of a Gentleman in his Burlesque; There
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is so much Wit and Goodsense to be found in him, and so much true observation on mankind, that I do not believe there is more, take Volume for Volume in any one Author we have, the *Plain-Dealer* only excepted; Besides, there is a vivacity and purity in his Language, wherever it was fit it should be pure, that could proceed from nothing but from a generous Education, and from a happy Nature. And further *Butler's* Burlesque was certainly writ with a just design, which was to expose Hypocrisie. *Scaron's* Burlesque, was writ either with no design, or but with a very scurvy one. For the only design that can be imagin'd of his *Virgil Travesty*, was to ridicule Heroick Poetry, which is the noblest invention of human Wit. Since then, *Butler* excell'd in so many things in which *Scaron* is defective, we may very well conclude, That *Boileau's* accusation reaches not our English

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lish Poet. Which Sir *William Soames* saw very well, when he translated this Art of Poetry, for he was so far from declaring against Burlesque, that he ventur'd, tho it was foreign from his Author, to propound *Butler* as a model to those who had a mind to write it. The late Lord *Rocheſter*, who was very well acquainted with *Boileau*, and who deſer'd very much to his Judgment, did not at all believe that the cenſure of *Boileau* extended to *Butler*: For if he had, he would never have follow'd his faſhion in ſeveral of his maſterly Copies. Nor would a noble Wit, who is a living Honour to his Country, and the *Engliſh* Court, have condeſcended to write Burleſque, if he had not diſcern'd that there was in *Butler's* manner ſomething extreamly fine, as well as ſomething extreamly ſenſible in very many of his Thoughts.

I now

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I now come to examine Mr. *Dryden's* objections to *Butler*, which I shall do with all the submission and deference that is due to the judgment of that extraordinary Man. And therefore I have reason to hope that I shall give no offence to him nor to any Man, by undertaking my own defence. For to plead the Cause of *Butler* is at present to maintain my own. For if he who is so admirable an Original, is rightly reprehended for writing in Burlesque: I who am but his follower, and can never pretend to come near his excellence, ought much more severely to be censur'd. I must confess that in Mr. *Dryden's* accusation of Burlesque, there are no such murdering Articles, as there are in that of *Boileau* against *Scarron*; For Mr. *Dryden* allows *Butler* to have shewn a great deal of good Sense in that way of writing; so that we have here gain'd one considerable

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able Point, which *Boileau* seem'd not to allow us, which is that good Sense is consistent with Burlesque. Mr. *Dryden's* quarrel is to the numbers of *Butler* : he says that he might have chosen a better sort, affirming that he would equally have excell'd in all.

Whether he would have practis'd all sorts of Numbers with equal felicity, is what I have not now time to examine. But granting that, it is more than probable that he chose aright. For I would fain ask any man one question ; Whether he thinks Nature had given *Butler* a Talent to treat of the adventures of *Hudibras* ? For if any one grants that she had given him such a Talent, I will not stick to affirm that it could not fail to suggest to him the properest means for the carrying on his design.

Mr.

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Mr. *Dryden's* objections to the Numbers of *Butler* are two, the first is to the Measure, the second to the Rhymes. The Verse of eight Syllables he says is too scanty, and there is not room enough for the Thought to turn it self with ease in it. But how vain a thing is it to argue against experience? For *Butler* has not only as many and as beautiful thoughts as most Authors, but he is as clear a Writer. Besides, Mr. *Dryden* may be pleas'd to remember that the most sensible Copy of Verses in all *Waller*, is in the measure of eight Syllables, which is that which begins,

Anger in hasty words or blows.

Mr. *Dryden* himself in his Preface to the second part of the *Sylva*, advises all who attempt the Pindarick way, to confine themselves chiefly to Lyrical Numbers: and Numbers
which

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which are truly Lyrical are seldom to be extended beyond the eight syllable. His practice too is very agreeable to his precept in his incomparable Translation of *Tyrrhena Regum Progenies*. Now it is plain that in the Pindarick way the Thoughts rise, and the Soul swells more, if I may have leave to use that expression, than in any other sort of writing. Whereas in Satyr the thoughts ought to be more simple, and the expressions less magnificent. It follows from what has been said, that if the measure of eight syllables is agreeable in Pindarick Verse; it is much more agreeable to Burlesque, which is a kind of Satyr. Besides it is apparent that in Burlesque, the measure is often extended to the ninth and sometimes to the tenth syllable.

But it is high time to say something of the Rhymes. Mr. Dryden complains that they return too thick
upon

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upon us: but then the thoughts have the quicker turns, and I never can be persuaded that succinctness can be a fault in writing, unless it be destructive of perspicuity. It is objected that double and treble Rhymes are effeminate, and debase the dignity of Verse below manly Satyr. But this objection will be in force too against *Tassone*, whose manner Mr. *Dryden* seems to approve of: For he has writ his Satyr in double and treble Rhymes too, but with this difference from *Butler*, that *Butler* makes use of them but sometimes, and *Tassone* does it perpetually. Nay the great *Tasso* has written his Heroick Poem in them. I shall find another time to speak at large of the *Gierusalemme*: but this I can say at present, which is remarkably to the purpose, That some parts of that Poem are so far from being effeminate, that they have incomparably more gravity than any
long

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long winded Poem which has been writ by the Moderns, if you only except some passages of the *Paradise lost* of Milton.

Mr. *Dryden* himself in his own Satyrs has sometimes made use of double and treble Rhymes, even in Heroick Verse. And in the Character of *Zimri*, which Mr. *Dryden* prefers to any part of *Absalom* and *Achitophel*, there are two couplets in the space of eight Lines, which are writ in double Rhymes, and those two couplets are two of the very best in all that admirable Character.

There is more than one considerable advantage that we have by our Burlesque Rhymes. For first, they show the power and plenty of the English Tongue. For neither *Italian* nor *French* have a sort of Rhymes for their Burlesque, which is different from those which they have for their other kinds of Verse. Nor

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have

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have they in either of those Tongues any of those odd Rhymes, to the making up of which two or three words conspire. These Rhymes thus constituted (which is another advantage of our English Burlesque) seem to me to be as peculiarly becoming of a Jest, as a roguish Leer, or a comical tone of a Voice; and that it may plainly appear that this is no Whimsie, let the best Versifier in England turn these two Lines of Butler.

*And Pulpit drum Ecclesiastick
Was beat with Fist instead of a Stick;*

Let any one I say turn these two Lines into other Rhymes and other Measures, and I dare engage that the Jest shall loose considerably.

Before I take my leave of Burlesque & Butler, I think fit to say something of the latter, which has not so direct a reference

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rence to his way of writing (tho that too is indirectly commended by it) as to the incomparable genius of the Man. It is this that if any one would set the Common places of *Tassone* and *Borlean's Lutrin* against those of *Butler*, it would appear for the Honour of *England*, that neither the *French* man nor *Italian* could stand before us. The most diverting thing in all the *Lutrin* is the Battle at *Barbin's Shop*. *Chant.* 5. Yet that, if it is compar'd with the Battle in the second Canto of the first part of *Hudibras*, tho it is so diverting when we read it alone, will appear to be perfectly insipid.

Before I conclude I have two things to say farther. The one is, that the Verses to *Flavia* were writ by a Friend of mine and only Corrected by me, and it is by my friends leave that they are here inserted. The other thing is this, that tho I may expect to have this little Book severely

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verely examined, because I have attack'd several great men, who are all of them many degrees above me, yet I shall not at all repent of any thing I have writ by way of Criticism, if I do but in any measure obtain what I design'd by it, which was nothing but to advance Polite Learning amongst us. Not that I believe my self capable of performing it, but I thought that the consideration of my impotency might excite some generous spirits whom Nature and Education have capacitated for so noble a work. There is no man should be more glad to see it carried on than my self. I love my Country very well, and therefore should be ravish'd to see that we out did the *French* in Arts, at the same time that we contend for Empire with them. For Arts and Empire in Civiliz'd Nations have generally flourish'd together.

MISCEL-

Miscellany Poems, &c.

A Pindaric Ode on the K I N G,
written Aug. 2. 1691.

I.

NOW at great *Jove's* supream command,
Fortune, his Slave, with threatening hand,
Furiously whirls about her wheel,
Which turning like a vast machine,
Changes the Worlds great stage, unseen,
Whilst with the motion giddy Nations reel.

II.

Alecto has been rows'd from Hell,
To punish a flagitious age,

In human Breasts her Serpents dwell,
 And sting the guilty world to rage.
 The Fury stalks about and raves,
Germany trembles at her horrid yell,
 She rates the backward *French*, goads on th' aban-
 (don'd Slaves,
 To execute the black contrivances of Hell.
 On to prodigious villanies they go,
 Till they want sense their monstrous crimes to
 (know.
 Thro the *Palatinate* she with them flies,
 And whilst the native by his murderer dies,
 She her infernal Torch to ev'ry house applies. }
 A Town she burns for each vast Fun'ral Pile,
 And, (grinning horribly a ghastly smile)
 Upon the flames, as terribly they blaze,
 Th' abominable fiend with dismal Joy doth gaze.

III.

As Deluges whole Kingdoms sweep,
 Urg'd by fierce Tempests and the Deep,
 Wars dreadful inundation swells,
 Rais'd both by wrath Divine, and Hells.
 Nor Art nor Nature has the force
 To stop its noisic course;
 Nor *Alps*, nor *Pyreneans* keep it out,
 Nor fortify'd Redoubt.

IV.

In vain the *Irish*, Straw-built Hutts forsake,
 And to their Bogs in vain they make,
There soon does Fate her fugitives o'rtake.
 And as with horror and with fear,
 Her grim attendants, she draws near,
 The bogs and men with one Convulsion shake.

V.

In vain to the Ætherial Skies,
 Climbing his *Alps*, th' amaz'd *Savoyard* flies,
 The Bloody *French* the wretch pursue,
 Who pants with toil and terror too ;
 And near to Heaven (deaf to his piercing cries)
 By impious hands he dies.

VI.

In *Belgian* Plains whilst th' *English* *Lyon* ramps,
 Terror's diffus'd thro *Gallick* Forts and Camps.
 See how his deadly lifted paw
 Keeps couchant *Luxemburgh* in awe !
 At *William's* mighty name,
 'All *France*, with its exalted Idol shakes ;
William's bright sounding fame,
 Like Lightning, when from Heav'n it breaks,
 Troubles the great Offender's sight,
 And does his conscious Instruments affright ;

And

And by its brightness and its noise,
Confounds them ere his Arm, war's Thunder-bolt,
(destroys.

VII.

Glittering in glorious Arms he shines from far,
Like the fifth Heav'n's ascendant Star,
Whose very aspect gives success in War :
Whose influential pow'r decides,
And over fatal fields presides,
Just like the Moon's o're-raging Tydes :
Till by conjunction deadlier grown,
By its confederate force some mighty State's o're-
(thrown.

VIII.

To *William's* Vertue stiff Rebellion yields
In *Agbrim's* purple Fields.
William, when at the *Boyne* he fought,
The *Shannon* and the *Sue* to pass his fierce Battalions
(taught.

His bravery kindled in their breasts the fire,
 Which does to glory by great acts aspire,
 And on to *Agbrim* hurried them, unknowing to retire.

IX.

Should fear in wretched man prevail,
 Who could condemn it in a thing so frail?
 The Universe has not a creature
 Which the condition of its nature,
 Subjects to more internal accidents,
 Or outward casual events.
 The least of which has often pow'r
 To antedate his fatal hour.

William not only subject is to those,
 High pow'r, vast worth, him ev'ry hour expose
 To the perfidiousness & strength of all his *Gallic* foes.
 Domestic Villains who surround him too,
 In his Destruction with the World t'undo:
 Yet see him in this dangerous state
 Dauntless as Gods secur'd by Fate.

X. The

X.

The numerous Squadrons of his foes,
Th' accursed troublers of the Worlds repose,
He with heroic rage defies ;
Surveying them, his sparkling eyes
With Godlike transports rowl ;

And his brave Warriors second his great Soul.
And (tho retrench'd old wary *Bouteville* lyes)

Each for the onset cries.

He, wise in fury, keeps them back,
Conduct profound defers the wish'd attack.

Thus often when some desperate offence

Does Heav'ns almighty pow'r incense,

Its vengeance it delays, expecting fatal times,
By high fore-knowledge pre-ordain'd to punish migh-
(ty crimes,

XI.

When, *William*, the predestin'd hour

T' o'rethrow that formid'ble pow'r,

Struck by the dire alarum comes,
Struck by loud Cannon and tempestuous Drums :
When *God's* the business of the World forego,
To be spectators of the fierce debate,
Pleas'd to behold the Sanguinary show,
The tragic play of Fortune and of Fate :
In that great hour, that wondrous hour, controul
(thy noble fire,
Which does to bright eternal Fame too furiously aspire.
Ah ! let not the transporting Rage,
The Christian World's sole hope too dangerously
(engage !
On thee depend thy Country and thy Friends,
On thee the dreadful day and vast event depends.

XII.

Think on the *Boyne*, on that great action think,
Where can that man who thinks not on't be
(found ?
That action thro both *Indies* does resound,
And as the golden *Ganges*, makes the wretched *Boyne*
(renown'd.
Think

Think how expos'd thou mad'st its banks the
(brink

Of ruine, into which we all were like to sink.

Its banks, more famous for the threatned blow;
Than for the signal overthrow.

Canst thou one cursed moment there forget?

Europe remembers it with horror yet.

Tho on those banks victorious Troops you led,
And half the Rebels were already fled:

Yet when the fatal shot approach'd thy sacred head,
(But *Schomberg* destiny atton'd)

Fair Liberty shriek'd out aloud, aloud Religion
(groan'd.

How did they on their Champions danger look!

Ev'n *England's* genius was with terror struck,
And of the whole Confederate pow'r the guardian
(Angel shook.

XIII.

Manage thy Royal Life, by Heav'n design'd

T' ensure *Great Britain* and Mankind :

Thy safety for their own all necessary find.

Had

Had Heav'n thy death made necessary too,
Does not thy former conduct shew,
That thou woud'st, ravish'd with thy glorious doom,
Do for the World what *Curtius* did for *Rome*?

XIV.

Ye *Brittish* Muses celebrate his fame,
Where can you find a nobler theme
To illustrate yours or *Britain's* name?
In valour sovereign, and in sense suprem.
He's over all his Subjects found,
His Subjects thro the World renown'd,
For lofty Spirit, and for Thought profound.
To him your *Britain* owes,
That nothing but the sound of War she knows.
Ev'ry where else death and destruction reign,
Our happy Isle does Peace within retain,
Defended by a double guard, its Monarch & the Main.

Upon

Upon our Victory at Sea.

I Sing the Naval Fight, whose Triumph, Fame
 More loudly than our Cannon, shall proclaim.
 Which with Heroick Force burst *Europe's* Chain,
 And made fair *Britain* Empress of the Main.
 O *Britain's* mighty *Genius*, who wer't by,
 Who with new Warmth didst thy brave Sons supply,
 And drive the *Gallic* *Dæmon* trembling thro' the Sky!
 My Breast with that immortal Fury fire,
 Which did thy Godlike Combatants inspire.
 Bold as their Fight, and happy be my Song,
 As fierce, as great, as sounding, and as strong.
 Then might my Verse be heard on ev'ry Shoar,
 And in its sound Express the thundring Cannons roar.

Now whilst their Line th' impatient *English* form,
 On comes proud *Tourville*, ratling like a Storm

Sent

Sent by some Devil, to dissolve (in vain)
 The two vast Empires of the Land and Main.
 Whose transitory Rage the Globe annoys,
 And to disturb Mankind, it self destroys.
 With deafning Shouts the *English* rend the Skies,
 Whilst Victory hov'ring o're their Pendants flies.
 The Lust of Empire, and the Lust of Praise,
 Does vulgar Men to God-like Courage raise :
 All bravely bent the last Extreame to try,
 And Conquer, or magnanimously Dye.

Now the Fleetsjoyn, and with their horrid shocks
 Make *England's* Shores resound, and *Gallia's* Rocks,
 Ship against Ship with dire Encounter knocks:
 The more Resistance the brave *English* meet,
 They their Broadfides more furiously repeat.
 As th' Elm, which of its Arms the Ax bereaves,
 New strength and vigor from its Wounds receives ;
 Their Rage, by loss of Blood, is kindled more,
 And with their Guns, like Hurricanes they roar :

Like

Like Hurricanes the knotted Oak they tear,
Scourge the vext Ocean, and torment the Air.
Whilst Earth, Air, Sea, in wild Confusion hurl'd,
With universal Wreck, and *Chaos* threat the World.

Such would the Noise be, should this mighty All
Crush'd and confounded into Atoms fall.
Bullets amain, unseen by mortal Eye,
Fly in whole Legions thro' the darkned Sky,
And kill and wound, like *Parthians*, as they fly.

Here a Granada falls, and blazing burns,
Whilst pale as Death th' amaz'd Spectator turns.
And now it bursts, and with a mortal sound
Deals horrible Destruction all around.

There a red Bullet from our Cannon blown,
Into a First-Rate's Powder-Room is thrown.
Toft by a Whirlwind of tempestuous Fire,
A thousand Wretches in the Air expire,

Howl.

Howling, an impious Colony they go
 At once transported to the World below.
 There a Chain'd Shot with whirling Rage deprives
 More than one Ship of Entrails, Limbs and Lives.
 Death, who set out with it, does lagging stay,
 Or limps behind it, panting in its way.

And now from the *Britannia*, in a Crowd,
 Huge Bolts with Fury rend their nitrous Cloud,
 Not mighty *Jove's* could pass more fierce or loud,
 When brandish'd by the God, in dust they laid
 Those Sons of Earth who durst his Heav'n invade.
Enceladus on *Ossa Pelion* casts,
 When lo! all Three th' avenging Thunder blasts.
 And the *Britannia* like Destruction hurl'd
 On the Invaders of its floating World.
 By her they with their moving Mountains fell,
 Like vast *Typhæus* flaming sent to Hell.

Great *Ruffel* does their Admirals assail
 With Thunder, Lightning, and with Iron Hail.

That

That desperate fight t'have seen, one would have sworn
Vulcanian Islands from their Seats were torn :

That *Strombolo* afloat did thundring rush,

And the inferiour Isles——

With inextinguishable Fury crush.

O would that Fury animate my Verse,

That God-like Rage, which is both wise and fierce;

That Rage which in the Fight inspir'd thy Breast !

Then might thy Praise be gloriously express'd ;

Thy Noble Acts in equal Numbers shown,

Which thou mightst then, Triumphant *Russel* ! own :

But who could e're command celestial Fire ?

The God does whom and when he lists inspire :

Now down he rushes, and my Breast he shakes,

And now to Heav'n his towring Flight he takes.

Then e're he leaves me, and my Blood grows cold,

The Battels vast Event in haste be told.——

The *French*, at last, of treacherous Aid deceiv'd,

By loudest Storms would gladly be reliev'd.

Their

Their Ships, which in magnificent Array
But just before did their proud Flags display,
And seem'd with War and Destiny to play;
Now from our Rage, despoil'd of Rigging, Tow,
Or Burn, or up into the Air they blow.

Thus a large Row of Oaks does long remain
The Ornament and Shelter of the Plain :
With their aspiring Heads they reach the Sky,
Their huge extended Arms the Winds defy,
The Tempest fees their strength, & sighs, & passes by.
When *Jove*, concern'd that they so high aspire,
Amongst them sends his own revenging Fire,
Which does with dismal Havock on them fall,
Burns some, and tears up some, but rends them all :
From their dead Trunks their mangled Arms are torn,
And from their Heads their scatter'd Glories born ;
Upon the Heath they blasted stand and bare,
And those whom once they shelter'd, now they scare.

Wish

*Wish for the Kings Safety, in the
Summers Expedition of 1692.*

YE Pow'rs who watch o're sublunary Things,
Ye guardian Pow'rs of Empires and of Kings,
Angels and *Genii* of Empyrean kind,
Who *Christendom* so near destruction find;
Each trembling for the Crown to his high charge
assign'd;
Now leave your Posts, to *WILLIAM* all repair,
Him guard alone, guard him with all your Care,
Whilst He by your Protection stands secure,
His Conduct and His Brav'ry will the Christian
World ensure.

To Flavia who fear'd she was too kind.

AH! *Flavia*, still be gentle, let not fear,
That makes all others mild, make thee severe.

How canst thou be too kind, who dost but use
That Freedom, which I die if you refuse.
There are, who think by Frowns Mankind to fire,
As if Deformity could Love inspire.
There are, who by their Coldness think t' enflame;
Or, *Partisan*-like, by flying hope to tame.
Others affect intolerable State,
And think that Pomp becomes a Conqueror's Fate.
But they who conquer in Love's beauteous Field,
Must, if they would pursue their Victory, yield.
Minds, from each others motions take their bent,
In Love, Joy, Rage, and even in Hate consent.
The Angry urge us, and the Fearful fright,
The Sad disturb us, and the Gay delight;
The Proud and Scornful, our Aversion prove,
As all the Tender our Affections move.
'Tis true indeed some monstrous Fops are found,
Whom God did sure of the worst Dirt compound;
Who Homage pay to Pride and fierce Disdain,
The wretched Subjects of a Tyrant's Reign.

Just as enervate Eastern Climes obey
Th' imperious Dictates of Despotic Sway.
Let arbitrary Power mean Souls enslave,
The Sov'reign must be good who rules the Brave.
The Monarch of my Heart can't prove too kind;
None e're too much oblig'd a gen'rous Mind.
Too kind thou canst not be on the blest Night,
When Heav'n it self procures for our Delight.
When wanton on the Wings of Love I flee,
To roul and revel in full Joys, and Thee.
When o're thy panting Breasts dissolv'd I lie,
And burn, and bleed, and sigh, and groan, and die:
And by that Death at Happiness arrive,
At perfect Bliss which none enjoys alive.
Ev'n by that Bliss which thus transports my Mind,
Then, when thou grant'st me all, thou canst not
(prove too kind.
For full Fruition will but raise Desire,
As Heav'n possess exalts the Zealots fire.

And ev'ry Rapture but improve my Love,
As earthly Charity's refin'd above.
There mighty Love, amidst ambrosial Plains,
With uncontroul'd, and boundless Empire reigns.
Ætherial Minds eternally enjoy,
Still plunge themselves in Bliss, and never cloy,
Their mental Eyes upon each other fix;
Then greedily they rush, and totally they mix :
Then by delightful turns flie off and gaze,
Then lose themselves again in Love's mysterious
(maze :
Unite their Sustances, confound their Powers,
And ev'ry Virtue knit as we must ours.
Like theirs, my *Flavia*! shall our Joys endure,
Like generous Wines, the older the more pure,
Or Nectar from devouring time secure.
They through eternal Life, eternal Day,
Mingling their Souls, pursue their am'rous Play,
VWhen we our bodies mingle for Delight,
Were we both doom'd to an eternal Night.

Through

Through that with thee I hourly could expire,
Nor light the joy of Life, nor Life would I desire.

*The Tenth Ode of the Second Book of
Horace.*

I.

IF you thro Life's uncertain Tyde,
Your self, dear Friend, would safely guide,
Do not the boundless Main explore,
Where *Boreas* rages unconfin'd :
Nor to get underneath the Wind,
Venture the Rocks too near the Shore.

II.

The man stands equally exempt
From dangerous envy and contempt,
Who loves the middle golden state :
He neither fordidly doth lye

In dust, nor stands exalted nigh
Some ghastly precipice of Fate.

III.

Tempests the lofty Cedar rend,
And on the ground its trunk extend,
Whilst safe the humbler Plants are found.
The Tow'r which insolently shrouds
Its stately head amongst the Clouds,
Its fall does into Atoms pound.

IV.

At Heads of Gyant Hills which rise
With horrid Brows t' affront the Skies,
Jove the impetuous Thunder whirls;
The hillocks it flies grumbling o're,
But raving mad, with hideous roar,
Confusion on the *Alps* it hurls.

V.

He hopes when Fortune proves adverse,
He, when she's kind, fears a reverse;
Whom sacred wisdom doth direct;
Since *Jove* so oft makes Tempests rise,
Whose Fury shakes his native Skies,
Can man a settled state expect?

VI.

But if the gods prove angry now,
They'll one day with unclouded brow
Dart joys into thy Soul again:
Those gods as wretched were as we,
If they should always angry be,
And always hear their Slaves complain.

VII.

By bearing bravely the worst state,
Shew thou deserv'st a better fate:

But if the wind comes fair about,
 Why then suspect the flattering gale;
 When it seems merriest, reef your Sail,
 And for the Sands look sharply out.

F A B L E *in Burlesque.*

The Pig, the Goat, and the Sheep.

A Goat, a Fat Pig and a Wether,
 To Fair in Tumbril jogg'd together :
 They were not thus to *Smithfield* jumbled,
 To see how *Jacob* danc'd or tumbled.
 No, story tells us that the Carter
 Went with design all three to barter.
 The Pig scream'd out, as he were just
 By *Talgol* going to be truss'd,
 Tore all their Ears and his own Throat;
 Mean while the Wether and the Goat,

Two very quiet harmless wretches,
Astonish'd at *Don Porker's* screeches;
Wonder'd from whence should come his fear,
For they perceiv'd no danger near.

Then says the Carter, what a Murrain
Ails thee? what makes thre keep this stir in
Such civil company as thou'rt in?

Do thy two Comrades make this din?
What a meek person is that Wether!

And how demure the Goat! has either
Open'd his mouth once? no I warrant

They are both wiser. They are errant
Dolts, says the Pig, both stark stone blind;

Could they but see, like me, the Wind,
Sheeps-head would set up such a larum,

As would, were twenty Wolves here, scare 'um:
And that grave Booby with the Beard,

Would further than my self be heard.

For *Talgol's* wheeson scraping whittle
Will soon convert them both to victual:

They're

They're lean, you'll say, and I'm mistaken :
 But how shall I-man save my Bacon ?
 Whom Wastcoateer has made a Fat Pig,
 For some Cits ravenous Spouse, with Brat big.
 'Tis for her maw I'm grown this Squab bit ;
 May the Jade choak with the first gobbet.
 Thus did the Pig his point maintain
 With subtile argument, but vain :
 Nor griefs, nor fears, change fates decrees,
 Then he's most wise who least foresees.

Moral.

IN vain by foresight we would mischiefs shun,
 What Fate has once determin'd must be done.
 The present with a dauntless mind enjoy :
 What wretched Fool would his own blifs destroy !
 Who lives in apprehension urges Fate ;
 Too soon 'twill come, and he'll repent too late.

Better

Better to hope for what we most desire,
 Than vainly into future ills inquire.
 Tet Man perhaps unjustly we accuse,
 Who ne're inquires but when he can't refuse.
 For as when Fate would undiscover'd lye,
 What it designs no Mortal can descry;
 So when it pleases to be understood,
 Mankind cannot be ignorant if it wou'd.
 O'rg'd on by Destiny we headlong go,
 Forc'd to seek that which most we fear to know.
 But ah! how curst is he whom that decree,
 Which makes his doom obliges to foresee.

*The Second Epistle of the first Book
 of Horace. To a Friend.*

WHilst Philosophic studies you persue,
 My acquaintance here with *Homer* I renew;

Who

Who rules of moral Life to man prescribes,
Beyond the Stoic or Platonic Tribes.

Why this is my opinion, hear——

That part which the protracted war relates,
Between the *Grecian* and *Barbarian* States,
Instructively of the commotions sings,
Of empty crowds, and their resembling Kings.

By voting to restore the beauteous Prize,

Peace to restore at once *Antenor* tries,

Paris to be compell'd to happiness denies.

Nestor makes haste the difference to compose,

Which in the General, and *Achilles* rose.

Whose injur'd Love in both strange fury breeds,

Whilst for the madness of their Kings the *Grecian* Ar-
(my bleeds.

Sedition, Malice, Lust and Rage destroy,

The *Grecian* Camp, and Garrison of *Troy*.

But how far Wisdom joyn'd with Virtue goes,

That pattern of them both *Ulysses* shows.

He,

He, thro strange Climes with different customs, tost,
 After h' had taken *Troy* himself had almost lost.
 Suffring, he sail'd the boundless Ocean o're,
 And up against all Storms of Fate he bore,
 Whilst for himself and Friends he did a safe return }
 (explore:
 Why should I here *Circæan* Cups rehearse?
 Or *Syrens* singing in harmonious Verse?
 Those Cups if with his greedy Friends h' had drunk,
 Down to a Brute transform'd with them h' had sunk.
 Young Fops who sleep till noon, then drestill night,
 And make that Life their vanity and delight;
 These are *Penelope's* Suitors, Raskals born
 Only to plague the Fair, and consume Corn.
 Cyphers, who stand for nought alone, design'd
 But to compleat the number of Mankind.

Villains to cut mens Throats their Beds forsake,
 And wilt not thou to save thy self awake?
 'Tis better now to try preventive arts,
 Ere noxious Humors seize the nobler parts;

Then

Then stay till their contagious influence force,
The wretched Patient on too late a course.
Now rouse by Night, watch o're th' instructive Page;
For Love, or Envy, Discontent or Rage;
Unless this useful gentler way you take,
The rest you 'indulge will soon by Tortures break.
Why: when malignant Rheums thy sight obscure;
Art thou impatient to dispatch the Cure;
Yet like a stupid Wretch delayst to find
A cure for cares that overcast thy mind?
Dare to tread Wisdoms paths, set forth apace!
He who sets forth has finish'd half the race.
Who till the letts of Life are past, defers
That happy minute, like the Peasant errs,
Who stands expecting by the Rivers side
Till running waters leave the Channel dry'd,
Which from an unexhausted source eternally's sup-
(ply'd)
Vainly thou spendst too great a part of Life
In getting an Estate, or a fine Wife.

With

With greedy toil thou ploughst vast Forests o're,
 Let him who has enough expect no more:
 When the Great man lyes languishing in State,
 Not all his Pomp and Plenty can abate,
 That Feavor, which perhaps they might create
 Nor Gold, nor Jewels, anxious cares expel,
 T' enjoy all these the Owner must be well.
 He whom Ambition fires, or Dangers fright,
 In Fortunes favors takes no more delight,
 Than men grown impotent, in Women's find;
 So Lutes the Deaf, so Beauty charms the Blind:
 Th' infected Vessel taints th' infusion too,
 Contemn all joys, which greater griefs pursue.
 The Miser wants the more, the more h' acquires,
 Hear this, and bounds prefix to your desires.
 Not witty Cruelty by Revenge refin'd,
 In old *Sicilian* Tyrants e're design'd
 Tortures that vex'd the Limbs, as Envy wracks the
 (Mind.)

Temperate rising Fury whilst y' have pow'r,
Who give't a loose, oft curse that Fatal hour.

'Tis a short madness: your desire restrain,
That, that betimes confine, betimes enchain,
Which must b' a Slave, or absolutely reign.

Th' unmanag'd Colt, the skilful Rider tames,
And forms him to the course or to the battle frames;
Since first they flesh'd and enter'd the young Hound;
His ratling tongue makes Hills and Dales resound.
Now, now, these wholesome precepts of the Muse
Into your young untainted breast infuse.
Th' unseason'd Cask will long retain the scent,
Of the rich Wines which in it first ferment.
Thus my sweet Friend, in whom I most delight,
To keep my pace in Vertues ways I invite.
But if you' outrun or lag I give you o're,
Ple neither wait for those behind, nor urge on those
before.

F A B L E:

F A B L E.

Of the Aunt and the Grasshopper.

THe Grasshopper, the merriest Creature
That ever was produc'd by Nature :

Whilst Summer lasted ev'ry day,

Did nought but eat and sing and play.

When Winter came, and Heav'n look'd lowring,

And *Boreas* thro the World ran scowring.

Grasshopper saw her pleasure past,

Her banquet's gone, and she must fast.

Nature, wh' had serv'd, had ta'n away,

She now can neither sing nor play.

Nothing that's edible is at home,

No not a Fly, a Mite, an Atome.

Then she to neighbour Aunt does trudge,

A little sneaking Country drudge.

Gossip, I come t' implore thy' assistance,
And borrow something for subsistence :
Lend me at most but twenty grain,
I'll pay thee punctually again,
In *August*, Gossip, if not sooner,
As I an Insect am of honour.

● Lend ! that's a case requires arguing ;
Two words, good Gossip, to a bargain.
What ! come to borrow of a Miser !
Gossip ! I thought thou hadst been wiser.
Pray what might'st thou do all the Summer ?
Do, Gossip ? why to ev'ry comer
I day and night sang oh be joyful !
And hadst not thou a fine employ fool ?
But hark ye me, the Proverb cries,
Neighbour be merry and be wise.
He who is forc'd to go a borrowing,
Neighbour, is forc'd to go a sorrowing.
Why, as you could till Winter sing,
Pfaith you may go dance till Spring.

Moral.

W Ho riots out Life's Summer and its Spring,
 He feels in Age of want and scorn the Sting:
 Not that from pleasure we the young would fright,
 For a young Stoic is a monstrous sight,
 That wretch runs counter to what Heav'n designs;
 To pleasure Heav'n and Nature Touth inclines.
 Touth is from Age distinguish'd but by Joy;
 Which Touth still gives, and Age must still destroy.
 Yet let short Joys with moderate Cares be mix'd:
 Joy will like Mercury die, if once 'tis fix'd.
 Oft let it to returning Care give place,
 Oft from thy Breast that Care let Pleasure chase:
 So shall thy care nor anxious be nor long,
 Whilst thy delight is lasting sound and strong.
 And thus deliciously you'll pass your Spring,
 And yet provide for ills which Age must bring:

Who in his Youth is a perpetual Drudge,
 That sordid Sot does his own Genius grudge.
 He must provide for Fourscore Tears he crys,
 Then e're he has arriv'd to Fifty dyes ;
 His Gold bequeathing to the Ass, his Son,
 That he may be more splendidly undone.
 Do not the Grasshopper for pattern take,
 Nor yet the Rismire thy example make ;
 Whose foolish Drudgery, so unjustly fam'd,
 Is like the Sot's, whom just before I blam'd.
 She day and night does up for Winter lay,
 Then o're the Fall, takes wings and flies away.

F A B L E.

The Fox and the Grapes.

A Fox in Forraging did spy
 Grapes on a Treille some six foot high :

Th' attractive and the golden sight,
 The Thief did to repast invite;
 He ogles ev'ry goodly cluster,
 Judges its liquor by its lustre,
 Which sympathetick liquor draws
 Into his ravenous distant Jaws.
 But when he saw he should lose time,
 Unless he by his craft could climb:
 Why gaze I here, he slav'ring cries,
 On poultry stuff I should despise
 Is such sowre geer for *Renard's* maw?
 Dost take thy self for a Jack Daw?
 Or for a chatt'ring greedy Pye?
 Foh! leave them for the Mob, say I.

Moral.

WHen men to what they wish, aspire in vain,
 To be reveng'd in rage contempt they feign;

But true Contempt to Rage is ne're ally'd,
 By Rage Esteem is constantly imply'd,
 And therefore Rage is oft conceal'd by Pride.
 Fantastic Pride ! ev'n base whilst it aspires,
 Which falsely scorns what ere it most admires.
 The Stoic writing in contempt of Fame,
 To his vain-glorious Book, prefix'd his Name,
 That lofty Sect does Glory most deride,
 And yet is grounded on dogmatic Pride.
 Declaims against that Vice without whose power,
 Its feeble Virtue could not stand an hour.
 Whilst Heroes in the Field their Love proclaim,
 That rail's t' acquire the common Mistress's Fame ;
 Thus Sparks when other means are try'd, lampoon the
 (Dame.

The Fourth Satyr of Boileau.

W Hence does it come, dear Friend, that they alone,
 Think they engross all Wisdom, who have none;
 That

That one Fop lolls his Tongue out at another,
And shakes his empty Noddle at his Brother.

A Pedant who has stuff'd his brain with reading,
So full, that there's no room for Wit or Breeding;
Bristling with *Greek*, bloated with Pride and Bluff,
And by long poring, surly grown and gruff,
Who has by rote a Thousand Authors got,
And of them all made one prodigious Sort,
He on his dusty Volumes only dotes,
Which he in talk, impertinently quotes.
With him, if *Aristotle* says the word,
Reason's ridiculous, and Sense absurd.

But the old Beau, and ev'ry modish As,
Who half the Morning constantly does pass,
Ogling his ugly Carkass in his Glass :
{ Which frightfully t' adorn three hours are spent,
As if, like ancient *Pi&ts*, 'twere his intent,

To native Ugliness acquir'd t' impart,
 And hideous grow, by Ornament and Art:)
 Who to the Park or Play rides jingling, where
 By his loud nauseous Chat, and graceless Air,
 He plagues the Sensible, and frights the Fair ;
 Whilst all the little Loves that hover nigh,
 Our *English* Beauties from the Scare-crow fly ;
 The Lumber of our Boxes and our Pits,
 And Beauties curst Incumbrance too, and Wits :
 This Chariot load of Blockhead hates all Science,
 And bids to all the learned World Defiance.
 Damns, as by Priviledge, whatever's writ,
 And makes his Ignorance his Claim to Wit.
 Proud Bigots who would all their faults conceal,
 And cheat ev'n God by their affected Zeal ;
 With seeming Sanctity, and spiritual Spight,
 Damn all the rest of men with all their Might.
 But th' Athiest who tow'rd's Hell in Darkness strays,
 Whom want of Sense to want of Faith betrays,
 And whom no Law, but brutal Impulse sways ;

Con-

Contemns Gods Wrath, and everlasting Fire,
 By which (he swears) the State, and the Church Liars.
 Grey reverend Rogues, to awe bold Fools conspire.
 For his part, who to reason makes pretence,
 He laughs at Shams, which shock all common Sense.

But he that would this boundless Theme exhaust,
 And not in Crowds of various Fools be lost ;
 He'll maintain as soon might number all
 Whom in a Spring, or Pestilential Fall,
 Feavers, or more malignant Doctors, mawl.
 Or sum up all our Cuckolds on Record,
 From sneaking Cit to the gay strutting Lord.
 But that this matter may t' a point be brought,
 And in two words to sum up my whole thought ;
 By leave of those sev'n Fools, so much renown'd
 By Greece for VVisdom, take the Globe around,
 On it no perfect VVisdom e're was found.
 All Men are Fools, and spight of all their pains,
 Their difference only in their rate remains.

As in a Wood which numerous paths divide,
Vvayfaring men are lost without a Guide ;
One on the right, one on the left hand strays,
Both by one error rambling different ways :
So we thro Life's grand journey blund'ring run,
Stumbling at Scandals which we wish'd to shun,
By one same error sev'ral ways all bubbled and un-
done.
Yet some grave Fops for wondrous wise would pass,
But the grave Ass is an original Ass.
Yet here let Satyr publish what it will,
To Wisdom each exalts his Folly still :
Does of his frailties as perfections boast,
As doating Sires love weakly Children most.
This to the man then who himself would know,
He is most wise, who thinks he is least so.
Who others viewing with indulgent thoughts,
Does cynically censure his own faults :
With rigour prosecutes them ev'ry one,
And upon all sees strictest Justice done.

But

But here let Satyr what it will divulge,
 His darling vice who is not apt t' indulge ?
 A Fool who doats on, nay adores his Gold,
 Amidst his Heaps enduring Want and Cold,
 His Folly does for a rare Prudence hold.
 His Pleasure, and his Pride's to heap up store,
 Which since 'twas his is guarded from him more,
 And less is in his power than 'twas before.
 But tell me mercenary, sordid Sot,
 Hast thou the plague of *Tantalus* forgot ?
 Who to the very Chin in water set,
 Ne'r with one drop his burning Lips could wet.
 D'you laugh ? how ignorant of your self are you,
 Who your own Image thus with scorn can view ?
 The plague of *Tantalus* does thee destroy ;
 Possessing wealth, which thou canst ne'r enjoy.
 Numberless Sums your crowded Coffers burst,
 Yet after Gold eternally you thirst.
 Swimming in plenty still thy drought remains,
 And in thy Soul the Raging Fever reigns.

Nor

Nor Fraud nor Sacrilege you shun for gain,
 Yet from what's yours religiously abstain,
 Thus Avarice but digs the Mine t' enter the Gold
 (again.)

Why faith, the Miser in plain terms is mad,
 Cry's one whose Frenzy's different, but as bad.
 Who Gold, all day as up and down he wanders,
 On Rooks, cast Captains, Plotters, Parasites, Squan-
 (ders,

Whores, Horses, Taylors, Hawks, Pimps, Dogs,
 (and Panders,

Who counter after Happiness does run,]

And to be rectifi'd must be undone.

From place to place he roams with restless mind,
 In search of Quiet, which he ne'er could find:

By Fortune's favours render'd discontented;

So when the Mistress is too fond, the Gallant is tor-
 (mented

For which of these d'you most despair of cure?
 Why their conditions both are dangerous sure.

An ancient Lord at the Groom Porter's cries,
 With a grave shrug and plaguy politick eyes,
 At the same time the bold adventurer knocks
 At all the Stakes with just *Pandora's* box.
 Whence the disasters flew that caus'd his ruine,
 And where his hope lay after his undoing.
 For Lands and Tenements being sold, he's fain,
 His Lacqueys and his Strumpets to maintain,
 By a Rent charge, upon the merry Main.
 Should Fortune her inconstant malice show,
 And turn the Dice with one unhappy throw,
 You might behold him strait with bristling Hair,
 Turn up his Eyes to Heav'n, and wildly stare,
 And swear like Devils, from some Wretches Breast
 By croney Priest unkindly dispossess.
 Bind him, or by his furious upcast Eyes,
 This modern Monster will invade the Skies :
 Which ev'n already loudly he defies.
 Yet leave him to the storm which tears his Breast,
 For his own Fury will chastise him best.

Errors there are, which do more pleasing harm,
 Whilst the weak Reason to debauch they charm.
 Like Wine delicious, Poison they dispense,
 And send up Fumes, intoxicating sense.
Aristus Rhimes, and there his Folly lies,
 But tho' those Rhimes ev'n *Busby's* Boys despise;
 Himself h' applauds, and in his vain account,
 Takes place of *Virgil* on th' *Aonian* Mount.
 But oh! should some bold man, severely kind,
 Dispel the mist, which thus obscures his mind;
 And all the bungling strokes h' admires display,
 In the full light of Reason's glittering ray;
 How would he curse that hour, and how be griev'd,
 Of his sweet Error to be undeceiv'd.

Once an *Enthusiast* whom the Spleen did cheat,
 Into an odd and singular conceit:
 (The man concerning ev'ry thing beside,
 Discours'd like one whom Sense and Reason guide)

Fancied that Angels hovering o're him hung,
That *Cherub* plaid to him, and *Seraph* sung,
Whilst in his ravish'd breast immortal Pleasures
(sprung.

A Doctor undertook him with success,
And cur'd him by his Art, or else by Guess.
But when he did at last his Fees require :
I pay you, crys the *Enthusiast* all on fire,
You, whose damn'd Art, in opening thus my Eyes;
Has lost me Paradise, to make me wise.

His Rage was just ; for man is not so curst,
But Reason's yet of all his Plagues the worst :
'Tis she who fierce in midst of Joys remains,
And with Remorse our gay Desires restrains :
Our furious Passions she can never curb,
And checking all the sprightlier does disturb.
Her Rule's as troublesome, as 'tis severe,
The Pedant's always bawling at our Ear.

Our

Our thoughts she reprimands, our actions blames;
To make us mad sh' eternally declaims,
Till Patience turns to Rage and flings away;
Then that her barbarous Lectures we may shun,
Like Husbands forc'd by Shrews to go astray,
To Wine, or kinder Mistrisesses we run.
In vain, some writers would with sovereign sway,
Make her command, and every sense obey;
Set up a God des with presumptuous pride,
Who might on Earth and in themselves reside.
She they affirm can lasting joys bestow,
Such as are her Voraries can only know,
Who lead the lives of Demi-gods below.
Why faith these things in Books are finely said,
But hast not thou my Friend, who men hast read,
Hast not thou found, after a strict survey,
That your unthinking noisy Rogues are they,
Who can be always satisfi'd, who can be always gay?

The Fifth Epistle of Monsieur Boileau, to Monsieur Guillerague Secretary of the Kings Cabinet.

O Thou whose gallant and sagacious mind,
The Power which form'd it for a Court
(design'd!

Great Master in the art of pleasing! Who
Know'st how to Speak, and to be silent too!
What course would'st thou advise thy Friend to take,
Say, had I best be silent now or speak?
Shall I still signalize my self by Satyr,
Fruitful in jolly Malice, gay ill Nature?
And in the Field where I have so often fought,
Make Fopps still shake at ev'ry pointed thought?
A Field that once with tumult gain'd me Fame,
When my rash Youth transported with its flame,
To wisdom and to ease preferr'd a noisie name.

E

Eut

But now since time has ripen'd my desires,
 * Since Toys my thoughtful Soul no more admires,
 But at its fortieth rolling Year to wiser joys aspires. }
 I bid adieu to the diverting Broil,
 And choose repose before the illustrious Toil.
 Then let a thousand of my scribbling Foes
 Vainly Conspire to shake this firm repose.
 I whom each breath blew once into a flame,
 Am an old Lyon Tractable and Tame :
 I will no more my blunted Talons arm,
 No more my Roar the Forest shall alarm.
 For as my sprightly rampant days are ore,
 So my provoking chagrin is no more,
 Nor the sharp Gall which stung me into rage
 (before }
 Again let all the scribbling Herd appear,
 I leave them now a full and free Carrear.
 Errour I only hate, and Good esteem,
 Studying my self my own perpetual Theme.

* Boileau, when he writ this, was about Six and Forty Years Old; but Poetry admits of no odd Numbers above Nine.

Let those who list thro' Tubes the Heavens explore;
 But me such vain inquiries touch no more.
 As vainly let *Robaut* grow pale, t' inquire,
 If motion can with plenitude conspire.
 Moisture and Drought, let *Bernier* too compound,
 Of bodies wandring thro the Void, of bodies hook'd
 (and round ,
 I who my reasons dreadful Shipwrack fear,
 Whilst on a Sea, thus infamous I steer,
 I to provide the Skiff, use all my care
 To fit its Rudder and its Oars prepare.
 Thus to prevent the storm, and reach the Shore,
 Whilst yet prevention may be us'd, before
 The Winds run mad, and for their prey the Waves
 (begin to roar.

What do we aim at all but rest of mind ?
 But we, within, that golden rest must find.
 A Blockhead full of faults, pursued by grief,
 To whom nor Town nor Country brings relief,

In vain takes Horse, with thought t'out-ride his

(trouble,

That mounts behind, and with him gallops double.

What think you *Alexander* then design'd,

Wher, hurried by a vast and boundless mind,

He laid all *Asia* waste, and plunder'd half mankind?

What made him *Græcia's* gentle Clime forsake?

What made him War on unknown Monarchs make?

In Tumult, Horrour, and in Blood what pleasure

could he take?

Why' attack'd by trouble, which he could not tame,

And which this Conquerour of the world o're came,

Himself his deadliest Foe he sought to shun,

And from reflecting solitude to run;

Conquering, he fled before superiour Grief:

This, this transported the Triumphant Thief

T' *Aurora's* native regions, those gay shores

O're which her purple flood of light she pours,

Where the burnt *Persian* the bright Star which

(scorches him adores.

Self-

Self-Authors of the Plagues by which we groan,
 Far from our selves we're ev'ry moment thrown.
 Why all this hazard, all this mighty toil,
 To exhaust the Gold of the *Peruvian* Soil?
 Why are we thro such various Climates hurl'd,
 To ransack both the new and antient World?
 Fatigu'd by Journies, or by Tempest tost?
 Murder'd on Land, or on the Ocean lost?
 Surely for happiness we need not roam,
 'Tis easiest had with little and at home.
 He, whom the Gods best gift Content does bless,
 Possessing nothing, does the World possess.

*A Letter sent with the following
Speech.*

S I R,

I Have here sent you inclos'd, what I promis'd you by the last Post, and I think myself oblig'd to give you some account of it. In the late Appendix to the new *Observer*, I find the Author reasonably complaining of the corruption of History by the *French*, and giving a very reasonable guess, how false the History of this Age (as far as it is writ by them) is like to come out in the next. And particularly what Mounſieur *Peliffon's* History of the present King of *France* is like to be, which he is now writing by that Kings own order. Monsieur *Boileau*, who writ the enclos'd, has at least as great a share in that History as Monsieur *Peliffon*: And therefore you have in the enclos'd, in the which he has very artfully inserted a Panegyrick

of

of his Prince, a pattern of what his part of the History will be. For having flatter'd his Master in this small Panegyrick, we have all the reason in the world to believe That he will flatter him too in his History. And that he has flatter'd him here, you will plainly find; not only by exaggerations, which are in some measure to be allow'd to an Orator; but in affirming things which are directly contrary to the truth: Such are those two remarkable passages of the French King's offering Peace to the late Confederacy, for the general good of *Christendom*, (which not so much as a Frenchman who has common Sense, believes) and of his Bombarding *Genoa*, only to be reveng'd of its Insolency and of its Perfidiousness, which every man who has heard the Story of *Mr. Valdryon*, must laugh at. Now since it is to be presum'd, that *Monsieur Boileau* will flatter him in his History, because it is plain that he has flatter'd him in his Panegyrick; What are we to expect from *Monsieur Pelisson*, whose sincerity is by no means so much talk'd of as the other's?

I thought to have concluded here : but it comes into my mind to make two reflections upon the Panegyrical part of the enclos'd. The first is this, that since Monsieur *Boileau*, who is in the main a man of sincerity, and a lover of truth ; could not but flatter *Lewis* the Fourteenth when he commended him : we may conclude that it is impossible to give him a general commendation without flattery. For, where a Satyrick Poet paints what other man must not daub ? The second Reflection is this, that since this Panegyrick is scarce to be supported, notwithstanding the most admirable genius of the Author, which shines throughout it ; and an art to which nothing can be added (remember that I speak of the Original) and beyond which nothing can be desir'd ; you may easily conclude how extreamly tinsome the rest of the Panegyricks upon *Lewis* the Fourteenth must needs be, whose Authors fall infinitely short of *Boileau's*, either Genius, or Art, or Virtue.

THE

The Speech of Monsieur Boileau, upon his admission into the French Academy.

Gentlemen,

THE Honour this day conferr'd upon me is some thing so great, so extraordinary, so little expected; and so many several sorts of reasons ought to have for ever excluded me from it, that at this very moment in which I return my acknowledgements, I am doubtful if I ought to believe it. Is it then possible, can it be true, Gentlemen, that you have in effect judg'd me worthy to be admitted into this illustrious Society; whose famous Establishment does no less honour to the memory of Cardinal Rich-
lien, than all the rest of the numerous wonders of his matchless Ministry? And what must be the thoughts of that great man? What must be the thoughts of that wise Chancellour, who after him enjoy'd
the

the Dignity of your Protectorship; and after whom it was your opinion, that none but your King had right to be your Protector? What must be their thoughts, Gentlemen, if they should behold me this day, becoming a part of this Glorious Body, the object of their eternal care and esteem; and into which by the Laws, which they have establish'd; by the Maxims which they have maintain'd, no one ought to be receiv'd, who is not of a spotless Merit, an extraordinary Wit, and comparable even to you? But farther, whom do I succeed in the place which you are pleas'd to afford me here? * Is it not a Man * *Monsieur de Besons* who is equally renown'd for his great Employments, and his profound Capacity? Is it not a Magistrate who fill'd one of the foremost Seats in the Council; and who in so many important Occasions has been Honoured by his Prince, with his strictest Confidence: A Magistrate, no less Wise than Experienc'd, watchful, laborious; and with whom the more I compare my self, the less Proportion I find.

I know

I know very well, Gentlemen (and who can be ignorant of it,) that in the choice which you make of men who are proper to supply the vacancies of your learned Assembly, you have no regard either to Place or to Dignity: That Politeness, Learning, and an acquaintance with all the more gentle Arts, have always usher'd in naked Merit to you, and that you do not believe it to be unbecoming of you, to substitute in the room of the highest **M**agistrate, of the most exalted Minister, some famous Poet, or some Writer, whom his Works have rendered Illustrious; and who has very often no other Dignity, than that which his desert has given him upon *Parnassus*. But if you barely consider me as a man of Learning, what can I offer you that may be worthy of the favour, with which you have been pleas'd to honour me? Is it a wretched Collection of Poetry, successful rather by a happy temerity and a dexterous imitation of the Ancients, than by the beauty of its thoughts, or the richness of its expressions? Is it a translation that falls so
far

far short of the great Master-pieces with which you every day supply us; and in the which you so gloriously revive; *Thucydides*, *Xenophon*, *Tacitus*, and all the rest of the renown'd Heroes of the most learn'd Antiquity? No, Gentlemen, you are too well acquainted with the just value of things, to recompence at a rate so high, such low Productions as mine, and to offer me voluntarily upon so slight a foundation, an Honour, which the knowledge of my want of Merit, has discourag'd me still from demanding.

What can be the reason then, which in my behalf has so happily influenc'd you upon this occasion? I begin to make some discovery of it, and I dare engage that I shall not make you blush in exposing it. The goodness which the greatest Prince in the World has shown in employing me, together with one of the first of your illustrious Writers, to make one Collection of the infinite number of his Immortal Actions; the permission which he has given me to do this, has supply'd all my defects with you.

Yes,

Yes, Gentlemen, what ever just reasons ought to have excluded me for ever from your Academy; you believed that you could not with justice suffer, that a man who is destin'd to speak of such mighty things, should be depriv'd of the utility of your Lessons, or instructed in any other School than in yours. And by this, you have clearly shown, that when it is to serve your August Protector; whatever consideration might otherwise restrain you, your Zeal will not suffer you to cast your eyes upon any thing but the interest of your Master's Glory.

Yet suffer me, Gentlemen, to undeceive you, if you believe that that great Prince, at the time when he granted that favour to me, believ'd that he should meet within me a Writer, who was able to sustain in the least, by the Beauty of Style, or by the magnificent Pomp of Expression, the Grandeur of his Exploits. No, Gentlemen, it belongs to you, and to Pens like yours, to shew the World such Master-pieces; and he never conceiv'd so advantageous a thought

thought of me. But as every thing that he has done in his Reign is Wonderful, is Prodigious, he did not think it would be amiss that in the midst of so many renown'd Writers, who with emulation describe his Actions in all their Splendour, and with all the Ornaments of the sublimest Eloquence; a man without artifice, and accus'd rather of too much sincerity than of flattery, should contribute by his labour and by his advice, to set to shew in a proper light, and in all the simplicity of the most natural Style; the truth of those Actions, which being of themselves so little probable, have rather need to be faithfully related, than to be strongly exaggerated.

And indeed, Gentlemen, when Poets and Orators, and Historians who are sometimes as daring as Poets or Orators, shall come to display upon so happy a Subject, all the bold strokes of their Art, all their force of Expression; when they shall say of *Lewis* the Great, more justly than was said of a famous Captain of old, that he
alone

alone has atchiev'd more Exploit than other
Princes have read ; that he alone has taken
more Towns, than other Monarchs have
wish'd to take : When they shall assure us,
that there is no Potentate upon the face of
the Earth, no not the most Ambitious,
who in the secret prayers that he puts up to
Heaven, dares presume to Petition for
so much Glory, for so much Prosperity as
Heaven has freely granted this Prince: When
they shall write that his Conduct is Mi-
stress of Events ; That Fortune dares not
contradict his designs : When they shall
paint him at the Head of his Armies ,
marching with Gigantick Strides , over
great Rivers and highest Mountains; thun-
d'ring down Ramparts , rending hard
Rocks, and tearing into ten thousand pieces
every thing that resists his impetuous Shock :
These expressions will doubtless appear great,
rich, noble, adapted to the lofty Sub-
ject ; but at the same time that the World
shall wonder at them , it will not think
it self oblig'd to believe them, and the
Truth may be easily disown'd or mistaken,
under

under the disguise of it pompous ornaments.

But, when Writers without artifice, and who are contented faithfully to relate things; and with all the simplicity of Witnesses who depose, rather than of Historians, who make a Narration, shall rightly set forth, all that has pass'd in *France*, ever since the famous Peace of the *Pyrenees*; all that the King has done in his Dominions, to re-establish Order, Discipline, Law: when they shall reckon up all the Provinces which he has added to his Kingdoms in succeeding Wars, all the Advantages, all the Victories which he has gain'd of his Enemies; *Holland, Germany, Spain*; all *Europe* too feeble all against him alone, a War that has been always fruitful in prosperity, and a more glorious Peace. When Pens that are sincere, I say, and a great deal more careful to write the Truth, than to make others admire them, shall rightly articulate all these Actions, dispos'd in their order of time, and attended with their real circumstances; who is it that

that can then dissent from them, I do not say
of our Neighbours, I do not say of our Allies;
I say of our mortal Enemies? And tho'
they shou'd be unwilling to acknowledge
the truth of them, will not their dimi-
nish'd Forces, their States confin'd within
stricter Bounds, their complaints, their jea-
lousies, their furies, their very invectives
in spight of themselves convince them?
Can they deny that in the very year in
which I am speaking, this Prince being
resolv'd to constrain them all to accept of
a Peace which he had offer'd them for the
good of Christendom; did all at once,
and that at a time, when they had pub-
lish'd that he was intirely exhausted of
Men and Money: that he did then, I say,
all at once in the Low Countries, cause
to start up as twere out of the ground two
mighty Armies, each of them consisting of
Forty Thousand Men; and that he pro-
vided for them abundant subsistence there,
notwithstanding the scarcity of Forrage,
and the excessive drought of the Season?
Can they deny that whilst with one of
F these

these Armies, he caus'd his Lieutenants to Besiege *Luxembourg*, himself with the other, keeping as it were block'd all the Towns of *Brabant* and *Hainault*; That he did by this most admirable Conduct, or rather by a kind of Enchantment, like that of the Head so renown'd in the antient Fables, whose aspect transform'd the beholders to Stones; render the *Spaniards* unmov'd spectators of the taking of that important place, in the which they had repos'd their utmost refuge. That by a no less admirable effect of the same prodigious Enchantment, that obstinate Enemy to his Glory, that industrious contriver of Wars and Confederacies, who had labour'd so long to stir up all *Europe* against him, found himself, if I may use the expression, disabled and impotent, tyed up on every side, and reduc'd to the wretched vengeance of dispersing Libels; of sending forth Cries and Reproaches. Our very Enemies, give me leave to repeat it, can they deny all this? Must not they confess that at the time when these wonders were executing

ing in the Low Countries, our Fleet upon the *Mediterranean*, after having forc'd *Algiers* to be a Suppliant for Peace; Caus'd *Genoa* to feel, by an example that will be eternally dreadful, the just chastisement of its Insolence and of its Perfidiousness; burying under the ruines of Palaces and stately Houses that proud City, more easie to be Destroy'd than be Humbled? No, without doubt, our Enemies dare not give the lye to such known truths, especially when they shall see them writ with that simple and natural Air, & with that character of sincerity and probability, with which whate're my defects are, I do not absolutely despair to be able at least in part to supply the History.

But since this very simplicity, all enemy as it is to Ostentation and Pageantry, has yet its Art, its Method, its Beauties; from whence can I better derive that Art, and those Beauties, than from the source of all delicacies, this fam'd Academy, which has kept possession, for so many years, of all the Treasures, of all the Riches, of

our Tongue? These, Gentlemen, are the things which I am in hopes to find among you, this is what I come to study with you: this is what I come to learn of you. Happy, if by my assiduity in frequenting you, by my addrels in bringing you to speak of these matters, I can engage you to conceal nothing of all your most secret skill, from me. Your skill to render Nature decent and chaste at the very time when she is most Alluring; and to make the Colours and Paint of Art, appear to be the genuine Beauties of Nature. Thrice happy! if by my respects and by my sincere submissions, I can perfectly convince you of the extreamacknowledgement, which I shall make all my life time for the unexpected Honour you have done me.

F A B L E.

The Fox and the Crow.

THE Crow sat perch'd upon a Tree,
With Cheese in's Beak, and who but He?
Renard the wind of him had got,
And after he had smelt the Sot;
Thus he accosts him, Noble Sir,
You do, or may I never stir,
Excell each two and four Legg'd Creature,
Both in Complexion and in Feature;
And sure to such a Shape as thine,
The Gods have giv'n a voice Divine.
Oh! could I hear that charming voice,
How should I, Noble Sir, Rejoyce.
Thus like the Dog, that's ily and pickled,
Renard the Crow cajol'd and tickled.
Behold the issue, whilst the Crow,
That he his Charming Voice might show,

Gave two or three obstreperous Caws,
His Cheefe dropt into Renard Jaws.
Sir Crow, says Renard, ev'ry Flatterer
Uses his Cully for his Caterer.
This lessen, or I'm much deceiv'd
Deserves the Cheefe; then be not griev'd.
The Crow, tho late, with shame and trouble,
Swore he'd no more be found a Bubble.

Moral

Moral.

GRoss Flattery only can by Fools be born :
For it implies at once Design and Scorn.
Now tho self-love as vain by praise is won,
Self-love contempt and injury must shun.
Well manag'd praise may still expect success ;
Praise shows esteem, when er'e it shows address.
But only Fools gross flattery can brook,
They love the bait, and can't suspect the Hook.
Renard knew whom he prais'd, when he made choice,
Of that egregious Topick of his Voice.
To ape the Fox our Parasites think fit,
To blind their fools, still more they praise their Wit.

F A B L E.

The Wolf and the Horse.

I Sgrim had all the Winter far'd
So very ill, his looks Men scar'd.
He had (poor Dog!) got an evil habit,
Of going to Bed with the Devil a bit;
So that he had contracted a meen,
Which truly represented Famine.
A filthy Figure, rude and gruff,
As hungry Bullies who lye rough.
Whilst free from Pinching and from Danger,
The Cattle lay at Rack and Manger.
When Winter quarters they forsook,
And to Encamp, the Field they took;
Hight Isgrim spy'd a sleek plump Steed,
Who with that appetite did feed,
One would have sworn, that his fresh Sallad
Was not distastful to his Palate.

At

At sight of Steed that's one huge bit of Fat,
Hight Isgrim's heart for joy went pit a pat.
Ah Rogue ! have I found thee ? how happy
Would Isgrim be, if he could but nab thee ?
But I had rather now by half,
Thou wert a Mutton or a Calf.
Then could I truss thee up as readily,
As I could after eat thee greedily.
But thou art such a damn'd great Beast,
That I must plot before I feast.
Come let us plot then, pray why not ?
Sure duller Dogs than I can plot.
Then Isgrim puts on Phyz of Gravity,
Phyz, that agrees with deeds of pravity ;
As does with Satan Phyz of Hag.
Then Isgrim thus accosts the Nag :
Your Servant, Sir, may, please your Worship,
To let me inform you, that my Curship

Is, tho I say't, a Beast of Parts,
And right well skill'd in medicinal arts.
A Doctor who was ne'r yet gravell'd,
Who, for experience long has travel'd.
Who has had the luck to have confuted
All those with whom he e're disputed,
I've had the honour to prescribe,
Long to your Worships noble tribe.
And several worthy generous Horses,
Are now by my advice in Courses,
Of which each honourable Palfrey
Is from his ailings more than half free.
I speak to your Worship in this fashion,
Because I've of your Case compassion.
For says our Art, to see a Steed,
Thus foully like your Worship feed,
Betokens great indisposition,
And calls for a severe Physician.

Now

Now if you will but only please
 To open to me your Disease ;
 I Doctor Isgrim without failing,
 Will gratis cure your Worship's ailing.
 Palfrey gave Isgrim such a cross leer,
 As Horse at's Oats does roguish Ostler.
 Doctor, I have, as you will find;
 An Ulcer in my Foot behind.
 And offer here the part affected,
 To be by your Doctorship inspected.
 Then Palfrey, with his lifted Foot,
 Whilst Isgrim was approaching to't,
 With roguish treacherous intention,
 Wisely thought fit to use prevention:
 And had at's ugly Face a fling,
 Which Teeth from Jobbernoul did ding,
 Made his Eyes stare, and his Ears ring,
 Then to the bloody mangled Elf,
 Phyz, saye the Horse, go cure thy self.

}
}

In troth,

Introth, says Isgrim, wondrous sad,
What thou hast e'en deserv'd thou hast had.
You must go a't the Doctor, Booby !
Yes you / incorrigible Looby !
You must go set up for a Leech !
Tho by thy actions and thy speech,
The veriest Sots may see with scorn,
That thou art Butcher bred and born,

Moral

M O R A L.

TO force thy Genius is a thing,
Will scorn and mischief on thee bring.
For affectation, Ape of Nature,
Is soon found out, and then all hate her.
Wh'as soon as seen no more escapes
Being laugh'd at, than your true Apes.
Who to surrounding Mob rehearse,
By looks and gestures a dumb Farce.
Of all affected Fools, the Grave
A long preheminance must have.
No folly ere can theirs surpass,
For since gravity in an Ass,
In whom 'tis natural's so ridiculous;
How must the affected grave beast tickle us?

The

The place for which thou art unfit,
Thou wilt decline if thou hast wit.
To which if it should threaten danger,
Take still more care to prove a Stranger.
For if in such you'l needs be doing,
Twill prove your Plague, if not your Ruine.
You can't keep long in such a Station;
Without the help of affectation;
And affectation in this case,
Has something worse than its Grimace;
Betrays your blind side to your Foes,
And lays you open to their Blows.
As in a Stream if you plunge him,
Who paddles and but half can Swim,
He strait must in it or be lost, or
With many an unnat'ral posture,
With many a sounce and many a strain;
Himself on th' adverse Flood sustain.
And if he's there attack'd by Foe,
At last must to the bottom go.

(For no Expedient can he try,
Being neither free to fight nor fly).
So one in place to which his Talent,
Compar'd is not found equivalent ;
T'uphold himself in a wrong station,
Must use eternal affectation.
Must be by all Spectators seen,
With a false Face and a forc'd Meen.
By violence done to himself so harass'd;
So plagu'd, so pester'd, so embarrass'd ;
His puzzled mind ne'r finds Vacation,
To look before for Preservation ;
Too clogg'd for dextrous quick evasion,
On any suddain nice occasion.
Can such a one himself defend
From deadliest Enemy, false Friend ;
The Villain with a smiling Face,
Who stabs and damns with an Embrace ?
No, as the Body, so the Mind
Can't on its guard be when confin'd

Isgrim

*Isgrim might have been quick enouff,
To have escap'd the Steed's Rebuff :
If the grave Doctor had not been
Too careful to maintain his meen ;
And too much taken up to heed
The motion or design of Steed,
For all who with dissembled meen,
Fain what they are, not would be seen ;
Possessing but the Forms alone,
And not the Powers of Gifts they own ;
Have for that reason Forms affected,
The more, to pass the less suspected.
(And therefore Hypocritick Wight
Seems more devout than the Upright).
And when their thick and gross disguise
Has serv'd to hoodwink their own Eyes :
Like Children when themselves they blind,
They have thought no others could them find.
Tho their proceeding works effect
Contrary oft to what they expect.*

As is apparent by our Fable:
 For Isgrim neither Learned nor able,
 Imagin'd he might sine for Sense,
 Out of his stock of Impudence,
 And positive grave Impertinence.
 And thought t'enjoy a Bliss that's dumble,
 The priviledge on't, without the trouble.
 But he o' reacted so his part,
 That he got nothing by't, but smart.
 Which shew'd him a confounded Sort,
 When he imagin'd he could Plot;
 Because he could a Mutton segue:
 They're Brains, not Teeth that sever t'integre,
 And there's requir'd much more skill in,
 A speculative than practick Villain.
 Beware by him, and meddle not;
 If thou'rt no Statesman, with a Plot.

Plots, which are dangerous edge Tools,
 Have always Fatal been to Fools;
 Who after all the Snares they have laid,
 Have only found themselves betray'd.
 And most inextricably hamper'd,
 Unless they've seasonably scamper'd.
 As you perhaps have seen a Thrush,
 Fluttering tangled in a Bush,
 To which it has been glew'd and clung,
 By birdlime made of its own Dung.
 So Treason ill-contriv'd and dull,
 The very Excrement of Skull,
 Lays by the Heels its plotting Gull.

The Devil ow'd Tegue, without all question,
 A spight when Tegue by Devil's suggestion,
 Set up for Souldiering and Plotting,
 Whose only Talent was Bog-trotting.

What

What was th' event? at every Battle,
 We took whole thousands meer white Cattle,
 And more were maw'd in one year i'th Field,
 Than other Beasts, in three in Smithfield.
 One who was only drub'd i'th Fray,
 Like Isgrim howling ran a way,
 And as he ran was heard to say;
 Dear Joy, thou hast both Killing scap'd and
 Hanging,
 And by my shoul, Joy, thou'st deserv'd thy Hanging.

G 2 To

To Mr E. H. Physician and Poet.

H—the delight of *Phæbus*, who imparts
 To thee his Darling, both his sacred Arts,
 His healing Virtue, and his Heavenly flame,
 His power to give long Life, and endless Fame
 To a frail Body and an empty name :
 With constancy thy course of Glory run,
 Follow the leading God, as thou'st begun :
 Rise by vast Science and judicious rage,
 Like him ~~enlighten and to warm our Age.~~
 At once his Favorite and his Rival be,
 'Tis he his *Daphne* comes to share with thee,
 Till all his powers on thee conferr'd w'admire,
 His vital influence and eternal Fire ;
 That Fire tho fierce, impetuous, never strays,
 But circling in sublime refulgent ways,
 By its just course spreads o're the World its Rays.

*To a Young Gentleman, who was
blam'd for marrying Young.*

CEnsured for being Happy made too Young !
'Tis by a foolish or an envious Tongue.
'Tis to be happy to be early joy'd the most
To a lov'd Nymph as charming as she's kind.
Can Heaven it self bestow a greater Blessing,
Than early mutual love, and long possessing?
Tell those who blame thee that till Thirty they
The noon of Life, for Love's chief meal may stay.
So plagu'd by pinching hungry formal fools
Stay for a Clock, and are enslav'd to Rules.
Most to fall to that usual season wait
The Beasts, when half life's journey's over, bait.
But tyr'd by the bad way, and ill at ease,
What they in misery taste, but half can please.
He who at once is fresh, sharp set and gay,
With perfect pleasure does about him lay.

Upon the same Subject, in imitation of
Anacreon's Manner.

AS young *Sylvander* did one day
Wantonly with *Celia* play ;
The Boy, call'd Love, a third to make,
Did his Bow and Quiver take.
His Bow with golden Wire he strings,
And with Feathers from his Wings ;
Imping a never failing Dart,
Strikes at once, with wondrous art,
Celia's and *Sylvander's* heart.
The Dart in both their Breasts remain'd,
Down they fell together Chain'd.
Love clap'd his purple Wings for joy,
'Tis by *Stryx*, like me a Boy !
Joyn'd to a Nymph Young, Lovely, Kind ;
Look how by my Dart they're joyn'd !

The

The golden bearded Dart, to wrest

Out from either Lovers breast,

Both Gods and Men shall strive in vain;

They shall ne'r be two again.

For see how riveted they lye!

How they Bleed, and how they Dye!

As my *Psyche* does and I.

I, tho a God, with her expire,

And reviving Death desire.

Again I dye, by death more blest,

Than by Heaven before possess'd.

I would not be immortal I,

But for ever thusto dye.

Advice to Women, against Female Pride.

I.
THE Gods because they're good, we' invoke
 With their own gifts their Altars smoak ;
 'Tis not the pain and smart we feel
 Which makes their suppliant Creatures kneel ;
 'Tis not their Arbitrary sway
 Makes us implore what we obey.
 For were I sure that what I want,
 They would not hear, or would not grant,
 No not to them I would not pray.

I I.
 Much less to you, whom to beguile,
 We Goddeses or Angels style ;
 Whom to Debauch Divine we call,
 And make you proud, to make you fall.
 Titles which we on you bestow,
 Our own Despotick power may show.

The

The very names that make you vain,
Prove your subjection and our reign;
For 'tis from Kings that Honours flow.

III.

Your glory upon us depends,
Begun by us, by us it ends.
Woman by nature's law's a slave,
Man may resume what e're he gave.
Your power, to which our wills give date,
We can confound who could create.
Hear this, and laugh at your own Pride,
Which all but easie Fops deride;
Be humble, if you would be Great.

Upon

Upon a Ladys Picture.

After each skilful touch, and ev'ry Grace,
The genuine form excells the painted Face.
What wondrous Artist e're could draw so well,
As charming Nature, where she strives t' excell?
Heaven's work, before the Painter's we prefer,
Since it design'd its Master-piece in her.
God, whose resemblance in each Face we view,
Ne'er his own Picture more exactly drew.

*To a Painter Drawing a Lady's
Picture.*

HE who Great Joves Artillery ap'd so well,
By real Thunder and true Lightning fell:
How then dar'st thou with equal danger try,
To Counterfeit the lightning of her Eye ?
Painter, desist, or soon the event may prove,
That Loves as jealous of his Arms as Jove.

THE

F A B L E.

The Lyon and the Ass a Hunting.

THE *Lyon* would a Hunting go,
 His Game Wild Bore, Stag, Buck and
 Doe.
 For his Assistant he made choice
 Of th' Ass, who had a *Stentor's* voice.
 Oft silliest Creatures make most noise.
 Hid under boughs, he made him lye,
 And then commanded him to cry.
 The Ass thus bid, began to Thunder,
 And struck the Beasts with fear and Wonder.
 The Tempest of his Voice to shun,
 Upon the Lyon's Toils they run.
 After that Prey enough was taken,
 Says the Ass, his Ambuscade forsaking,

What

What feats have I perform'd to day?
 Have not I here done Wonders pray?
 I marry didst thou bravely bray.
 Had I not known thy Self and Kindred,
 Ev'n I my self should have been in dread.
 This to the As was no way pleasing;
 Altho' he rallied was with Reason.
 For what a Dev'l! an As turn Bully!
 That is not fair, tho, frequent truly.

}

N

Moral

Moral.

I.

N Ere boast thy self, of thy own Merit,
 For those who hear thee cannot bear it;
 Besides, it shows a little spirit.

II.

To Praise to which you may aspire,
 If you deserve it, you are nigher,
 The less you show your fond desire.

III.

But if a Man deserves it not,
 The Fame that is by vanity got,
 Is that of a vain-glorious Sot.

IV.

IV.

Then we your known defects of mind,
Which t'excuse before we inclin'd,
Expose and new ones strive to find.

V.

Thus whilst with vanity you take aim,
Recoiling, it to flight puts fame,
You hurt your self, and miss your Game.

As without Vanity he could not bear
But that into content our minds can cheer
Eas'd to be wretched, whilst they dream they're

For from our Pride our foolish actions flow,
And all our curious false and vain desire
For **RE**ason we watch the long night to pore
And restless Volumes are content to explore

*Some Moral Reflections concerning Vanity,
Written upon the occasion of Burlesquing
the Fable of the Ass and the Lyon.*

TH O vanity in all we do not see,
Yet a Vice 'tis from which no mortal's free,
For Heaven with sovereign Wisdom did ordain,
The thing it made so wretched, should be vain.
The happiest has of misery such a share,
As without Vanity he could not bear.
But that into content our minds can cheat,
Pleas'd to be wretched, whilst they dream they're
(great.
Virtue to that, and Learning too we owe,
For from our Pride our goodliest actions flow,
And all that curious searching minds can know.
For when we watch the live-long night to pore,
And tedious Volumes are content to explore :

'Tis

'Tis not to know our duty and do well,
'Tis with aspiring thoughts and hope to excell.
By Vanity we know our selves ; who'd dare
To look within, if Vanity were not there ?
For all the rest fogloomy is and sad,
The ghastly sight would make the wisest mad.
But Vanity makes gay the ghastly sight,
(As *Cynthia* guilds the dusky face of Night,)
By its false light, a man his faults o'resees,
Or it such Colours gives them that they please.
Since we're oblig'd to't then, and to't ally'd,
Why do we hate it still, and still deride ?
Indeed we hate it, when 'tis seen abroad ;
At home 'tis constantly caress'd and claw'd.
The Vanity which is by others shown,
We therefore hate, because it shock's our own.
We would be upper-most, which they who boast,
Seem not t' allow ; themselves esteeming most.

H

To

To Sift them then, we're angrily inclin'd
 To weigh their Virtues, and their faults to find }
 Whilst all our Pride grows furious in our mind, }
 Which till their faults are shown, is ne're appeas'd ;
 But fancying we're above them then, we're eas'd.
 Therefore the Wise, who would their Faults conceal,
 Never themselves their Merit will reveal.
 Praise, tho' their due, they never care to claim,
 But by their Modesty advance their Fame.
 Praise claim'd our vanity will not pay, they know,
 Which of it self profusely 'twill bestow.
 For when we celebrate anothers praise,
 'Tis not his Glory, but our own to raise,
 Provok'd and push'd 't by an itching lust,
 To show how Sensible and Just.
 Great Wits extreamly vain are sometimes found ;
 They with fermenting Choler much abound :
 Thransported by whose rage they can't controul
 Th' impetuous sallies of th' aspiring Soul.

For they must own, who most admire great Wits,
 Tho still ingenious, they're but wise by fits.
 Ev'n them when vain, as Fools, we must despise;
 As we count Fools, as far as modest, wise.
 But Fools ne're modest are but by Complexion,
 They're vain and noisie Rogues still by Election;
 } or modesty by choice implies profound reflection.
 F Nature, who acts by admirable rules;
 Wisdom with vanity supplies in Fools.
 As she the Wise, (who mad with pride would
 (grow,
 Could they know others and themselves not know.)
 By self-reflection humble keeps and low.
 So she those Fools who nothing know, and Bliss
 Owe only to their ignorance of this.
 Those Fools, who if they could their inside spy,
 At the sad view, would strait despair and dye;
 Those she to make them drag dull Life can cheat,
 By monstrou vanity into self-conceit.

As empty Bodies most are puff'd with wind ;
So vanity most swells an empty Mind.
From a Fools inside breaks with filthy sound,
And does their Senses who are near him wound.
Vain Rogues are pleas'd with vile noise they make
As Brutal Sots brag of the wind they break.
Fools like the Ass, first frightfully are loud,
Then of that very noise the Beasts are proud.
He sat at Council boasts himself most able,
Who loudest blasts discharges at the Table.

F A B L E.

The Wolf and the Crane,

A *Wolf* once eating at a Club,
To eat his Brethren out did sup
Something too greedily on Mutton,
(*Wolf's* soon convertible to Glutton) ;
Yet tho he made enormous haſt,
He was reſolv'd to make no waſt,
A Bone which in his Throat did ſtray,
Took up its lodging by the way.
The *Crane's* arrival was opportune,
Order'd for *Iſgrim's* good by fortune.
Who is a friend to Fools, and ſo
To Rogues ſhe can't be term'd a foe,
Iſgrim, no better was than ſuch,
Or Chronicle has wrong'd him much.

And now he to the *Crane* makes signs,
And to assist him she inclines.

Now th' Operatrix falls to work,
And pulls the Bone out with a Jerk.

When *Iggus* saw the deed was done,
Neighbour, says he, I must begon.

Sir, says the *Crane*, before we're parted,
I'd for my labour be rewarded.

Rewarded, sayst thou, for thy labour?

Hey day! why sure you mock me, Neighbour.

When in my Jaws I had thy Slim Gullet,

By special grace thou out didst pull it.

And yet forsooth, before we're parted,

You'd for your labour be rewarded.

Go, Gossip, you're impertinent;

And, let me tell you, impudent.

Go, I hate such ungrateful wretches,

'Slife! come no more within my Clutches.

MORAL.

M O R A L.

I.

HE who takes care to oblige the ungrateful, when
 After much time and pains he's found a Bubble;
 Bilk'd in his hopes, mistaken in his men,

Will be to shame abandon'd and to trouble.

II.

For we from Pride, or Love, or Interest see,

That bounteous Actions generally spring,

And disappointment to either of these three,

Rage, Discontent, or red hot Shame must bring.

III.

The brave man's bannier almost always flow,

From generous pride of doing good to Merit.

Such a one's highly then concern'd to know

The worthy from the base ungrateful spirit.

IV.

For moderate benefits, this Rule may serve,

*If one's oblig'd, whose Sense and Judgment's good;
From Gratitude he'l ne're be seen to swerve:
Gratitude's Interest, rightly understood.*

V.

But if you would oblige to that degree,

*That the oblig'd must make his fortune by t.
For something in him besides Judgment see,
Since t'will not be his Interest to requite.*

VI.

He will not probably ungrateful be,

*Whose actions still have Faithful been and Just:
Who never unprovok'd did injury,
And never tho provok'd betray'd his Trust.*

VII.

Favours receiv'd are debts, and bounteous aëts,

The Bumble-case no Band or Judgment draws;

Oblige us more to pay when time exacts,

By frankly leaving us to Honour's Laws.

VIII.

Then twice th' ungrateful in one aët offends,

His falshood and Injustice too displays :

Kind Benefactors basely wrongs and Friends,

And the most free and generous Trust betrays.

Upon

JIV

Upon the Fleet then fitting out. Written in 1682.

NOW floating Towers the Royal Docks
 (prepare,
 To scowre the Main, as Tempests purge the Air,
 Not Winds drive Seas with more impetuous rage,
 Nor Seas beat Shores, than they their Foes engage.
 Those bold bad men they by their Thunder scare,
 Who Heav'n's dire Thunderbolts blaspheming dare.
 For Heav'n (they cry) at Land or in the Deep,
 Does good and bad without distinction sweep.
 Jove for diversion Bolts at random throws,
 Or else his rage misguides his erring blows :
 And his own sacred Oak that Thunder rends,
 Which to transfix some impious breast, he sends.

His

His gods the *Syracusan* Tyrant spoil'd,
Yet failing safe their impotence revil'd.

Aeneas in the same *Sicilian* Seas,
(His piety the rigid'st pow'rs might please)

Saw his Ships lost, and his brave men expire;
Sunk by those Gods they sav'd from *Grecian* Fire.

But in Great *Britains* formidable Fleet,

Justice and Rage, those contradictions, meet.

Tempests oft sweep the just, the just are always
(spares,

And always scourges us, whom angry Heaven for-
(bears.

II

The impotence of Fate.

III

The Winters most inclement sky,

On the bleak beach I stand,

THE
Evening frowning Winds the War supply

In their vast Field the Air

The Prosopœia of Ostend.

I.

SEE the small Stage of a great War,
On which fam'd Generals fight ;
Whilst wondring Nations from a far
Gaze on the Tragick fight.

II.

Like *Hydras* Heads my *Bastions* rise,
Their fall augments their State :
Their re-ascending Tow'rs despise
The Impotence of Fate,

III.

The Winters most inclement Sky,
On the bleak beach I bear,
Whilst jarring Winds the War supply,
In their vast Field the Air.

IV. *Phœbus*

IV.

Phæbus returning warms my Shore,

And with the Plague annoys:

That God of Phyfick poyfons more,

Than murdering War destroys.

V.

War, Famine, Plague, together go,

To flay one wretch confpire,

Just as the fatal three below,

Each others help require.

VI.

Here in a heap come all the ills,

That shorten human breath.

And 'tis an envied fate that kills

But by a fingle Death.

VII.

Nor are my Sons confum'd alone:

Ev'ry killing trouble,

With which the Enemy makes him groan,

He himfelf feels double.

VIII. Th'

VIII.

Th' impartial Plague sweeps either side,

One Monument I'm grown;

Then destiny, if thou canst, decide,

Who shall call it his own.

IX.

Expiring men for Victory strain,

And like *Bellona* rave;

When all the Conqueror can gain,

Is but the vainer Grave.

Fable.

F A B L E.

Of the Cock and the Fox.

A Cock stood Sentry on a Tree,
 A shrowd experienc'd creature He,
 A damn'd arch Bird, as one shall see.
 Him *Renard* in his rounds espy'd,
 And near he drew, and thus he cry'd,
 Why how now, Coz ! dost hear the News ?
 There's now an universal Truce ;
 Which must be follow'd by a Peace,
 War amongst Animals must cease.
 Come down, and let me hug thee, Dear Rogue.
 Thought *Chanticleer*, thou art a meer Rogue,
 A damn'd false Dog as e're told lye,
 Ile shew thee a Dog trick by and by.
 Friend *Renard*, this is glorious News,
 Who could have hop'd for such a Truce.

And

And yet I doubt not but it's true,
For look you hitherwards, come two
Tall hide-bound Curs, who doubtless bring
Expreses to confirm the thing.
The first with meager mien and Phys-grim,
Is he who in single fight slew *Isgrim*:
The other's he with whom thy Sire
Did in a close embrace expire.
Full stretch along the plain they scower,
And in a minute of an hour,
Will tell us how th' affair has pass'd.
Ah ! Plague and Pox upon their hast ;
Cryes *Renard*, who ran scampering thence;
So scar'd h' has ne're left stinking since.
Thus was the wily Beast defeated :
'Tis just the Cheater should be cheated.

FABLE.

M O R A L.

T Here's no Man more obnoxious to deceit,
 Than an experienc'd, and successful Cheat;
 For he presuming on his own address,
 Draws deep Security from long Success.
 He's oft too vain, another to suspect,
 Now Caution of suspicion is the Effect,
 And only Caution can from Fraud protect.
 Those Sharpers who by cheating throve so fast,
 They thought t'have topp'd upon the World at last;
 Did on the sudden one Tarpawlin meet,
 Who gull'd them of their Gold and of their Fleet.

F A B L E.

Of the Dunghill Cock.

A Cock by scraping in a Dungle,
 Rak'd up by chance a huge Carbuncle.
 To the next Jeweller he met,
 Take it says he, thou canst it set :
 The Stone they say is true and fine,
 Yet for two Barly Corns 'tis thine;
 For to what end should it be mine ?
 A learned Manuscript was once,
 By Testament bequeath'd t'a Duncè,
 Who to convert it as was fitting,
 Strait tradg'd with it to *Little-Britain*.
 Says he t'a Bookseller, pray look ,
 I've brought to sell thee here a Book.
 They say 'tis Learned, very Learned ;
 But how a plague am I concerned ?
 Friend, I am one of those damn'd Blockheads,
 Who had rather see the Cole in's Pockets.

M O R A L.

M O R A L.

THis Cock we may imagine to be,
Some scraping or some sensual Booby.

Moiling to satisfy in vain,

His Gut, or his desire of gain.

By th' precious Stone may be meant Wit,

Which often is compar'd to it.

For what comparison can be fitter?

They're solid both, and they both glitter;

And when they both are true and fine,

Eternally they last and shine.

They're both of mighty value too,

Altho their worth be known to few.

And they who know them not, contempt

Both equally the Wit and Gem.

And when they find them strait forsake 'um,

For something that's more apt to take 'um.

When I have been at a new Play,

Well worth attention the first day;

Some Fopps with loud insipid raillery,
Have talk'd to Drabs in the first Gallery.
These Fopps now seem'd to me to say,
Why should we Elockheads mind the Play,
Our Talents lye another way?
May not these Beasts now be averr'd
To be more awkward than the Bird,
That its discovery did condemn,
Yet gave a Jeweller the Gem.
But those Brutes acted by the Play,
Just as the Dog did by the Hay.

Fable.

F A B L E.

Of the Wolf and the Fox.

A Fox in a deep Well, one Night
Spy'd the full Moon, the goodly Sight
Whey-colour'd, large and round, did appear,
A swinging Cheese, which made him caper ;
He had a longing wild Distemper,
Frequent to persons of his Temper,
By th' learn'd in medicinal Lore call'd Canine
Appetite, by the Mob call'd Famine.
The two large Buckets which were there,
Like *Pollux* and like *Castor* were.
How so pray ? For 'tis devilish odd,
To liken a Bucket to a God ;
When one came up from towards the Center,
That in our upper world strait went there.
These drew by turns the liquid Element ;
Into one got *Renard*, and towards Hell he went,

To taste of *Tantalus* his Feast :

Which finely Bob'd its gaping Gueſt.

Arriv'd he ſoon was undeceiv'd,

But frighted terribly and griev'd.

Bilk'd of the bait he thought was his'n,

And for his life he fear'd in priſon.

Since *Renard* Fate in Dungeon caſt,

She ſentence on him ſeem'd to have paſt.

He had no way to be releiv'd,

Unleſs by a like Sot reliev'd,

Who hoping on his Cheeſe to feed,

Might in his place and pain ſucceed.

Two days and nights he had been in Dungeon,

Water his Breakfast, Dinner, Nuncheon.

Now in this ſpace old Time did knaw

From *Renard's* Cheeſe with Iron Jaw,

A pritty handsome luſty Sliver.

When Sharper *Iſgrim* does arrive there,

Who makes a ſhift with his ſmall Senſe,

To live at Country Squire's expence.

Now

Now him as soon as *Renard* spies,
 What, Bully *Isgrim* there he cries!
 In faith, dear Rogue, I'm glad to see thee :
 How hast thou far'd this long time, prethee ?
 Poorly ? but set thy heart at rest,
 To night, thou e'en shalt be my Guest.
 Dost see this Cheese, which I've been munching,
 Of which I've gobbled down this Lunching.
 Odd ! 'tis a rare one, a neat Jade,
 Who ever was the Dairy-maid.
 I have on purpose set thee a Tub,
 In which thou mayst come down and Sup ;
 Here's special Food and special Bub.
 And thus for want of Sense, was Bully
Isgrim harangu'd to *Renard's* Cully.
 Down he goes swinging in the Bucket,
 Which hoisting *Renard's*, up does pluck it.
 He towards the top with merry Glee,
 Mounting Sung, Hey Boys up goe we.

Juvenals *Eighth Satyre, Frag.*

HOW vain a thing's descent ! How poor the
 (Fame
 Of a deriv'd hereditary Name !
 Or Rooms of State by proud *Patricians* hung,
 With mighty Conqu'rors from whose Loins they
 (sprung ?
 Where with the Pageantry of painted Pride,
 Th' *Æmilians* in triumphant Chariots ride.
 That such prodigious Coxcombs should be found,
 As to be proud of Shadow and of Sound !
 Deform'd, half, Headless Heroes to expose
 In Statues rotten, and consum'd as those :
 For what Advantage can at last be thine,
 Tho' the wide Arms of thy extended Line
 Renown'd old *Roman* Magistrates embrace,
 If thy vile Life brands thy whole glorious Race ?
 If in thy brave Forefathers awful fight,
 Their Off-spring drinks all Day, and plays all Nights,
 Then

Then at the Dawn lies down, at which they Arm'd,
To the dire Field by Glories Trump alarm'd.
Can *Fabius* value himself with any Face
On *Gallie* Trophies, and th' *Herculean* Race,
Fabius Rome's Scandal, and his Line's Disgrace.
The vainest, lewdest Fop about the Town,
Heavy and soft as Slumbers on the Down,
Who by the Pumice-stone's preposterous Use,
His pathick Loins adapting for Abuse,
Doe's all his rusty Ancestors traduce.
Till at the last his poy'sning Practice known,
Defiles their Statues and destroys his own,
By the just Laws for his high Crimes o'rethrown.
Tho' your entail'd swol'n Titles Volumes fill,
If you want Virtue you're but Rabble still.
Paulus and *Cossus* Names set high by Fate,
May bring some noise Pomp, some empty State,
But their rare Virtues make you truly Great.
Consul, or private Man, let those be shown,
Let those before your very *Rods* be known.

If Noble to bethought by me y' aspire,
 Know 'tis a Noble Mind that I require.
 If you're in Life unblam'd, in Practice just,
 True to your Friend, and faithful to your Trust,
 To your high Birth immediately I vail,
Silanus or *Getulicus* all Hail !
 Or from whatever Stem thou com'st beside,
 It's Glory and thy exulting Countries Pride,
 With Rapture, *I have found thee*, strait I cry,
 Like the *Egyptians* when their God they spy.
 Who calls him Great, whose Life his Race belyes,
 And want of worth adulterate Blood descryes;
 Who calls him Noble does it by Abuse,
 For wicked Ironies are much in use.
 This let *Rubellius Plancus* ponder well,
 Whom the brave *Drusus*'s lofty Line do's swell.
 As if such Virtues did in *Plancus* shine,
 That (could he yet be got) those Pow'rs Divine,
 Might claim to be incorporate in *Rome's* imperial
 (Line :)

As if such *Things* could not in haste be made
 By some lewd Rogue, and some Suburbian Jade :
 Had but his sporting Mother known that *Thing*
 Would from the pleasure which she toyl'd for
 (spring,
 That very thought had damp'd her active Flame,
 And of approaching Bliss had bilk'd the panting
 (Dame.
 Yet with disdain this haughty blockhead eyes
 Those of a lower Rank, and thus he cries :
 "Base Scoundrels, you of *Rome* the Lees and Scum,
 "To whom your Fathers Countries are unknown,
 "As were your wretched Fathers to their own,
 "Whilst from Crown'd Heads and Demy-gods I
 (come.
 Long may your Honour live, and, whilst you live,
 With joy to your self your topping Titles give.
 Yet know amongst these Scoundrels some have Sense
 Adorn'd with Wit and Manly Eloquence.

And

And if you with litigious Foes contend,
Amongst this Scum a Lord may want a Friend;
Who can your Sots of Quality defend.
Ev'n from the Lees of *Rome* brave Spirits rise,
Who, searching Glory, Death and Wounds despise;
Some to the *Rhine*, and tam'd *Bavarians* run,
Some to *Euphrates*, and the rising Sun:
Whilst thou contented with a borrow'd Fame,
Stick'st to thy Father's Statues, like the same,
A cold dull Mass, and a high sounding Name:
True; Freakish Action Life in *Plancus* proves,
Yet their rare shapes, tho' fix'd as stone behoves,
Express more Soul than thine, whose senseless Figure
(moves.)

Lyons, *October 15. 1688.*

SIR,

I Do not question but that you have for this month expected a Letter from me, and that perhaps with a little impatience: Since this is a time which may afford variety of News, of which who must not be now desirous? But all the time I was at *Paris*, I had so much Sickness, that that might well supersede any obligation I lay under. For let a promise be never so binding, and never so much a Debt; who could take care of paying so trifling a one, when a most severe and importunate Creditor, Nature, was calling for hers. Nor now when at length that excuse is wanting to me, are you like to receive such a Letter, as perhaps might be most welcome to you in this Conjunction. For if I should send you the truth in disguise, perhaps you might not discover her. And is this a time to expose her naked to the World:
When

When her nakedness which is only the effect of her Innocence, by many would be mistaken for Lewdness, and by more for Barbarity. I will then say nothing of the Affairs of *Europe* nor ours, tho I could find much to say of them both. For I now converse with a People who are as full of Talk as they are Inquisitive. But since I am taking my leave of that People, I will confine my Discourse to them. But before I begin, I will use plain dealing with you, (a thing which they never did yet with any one) and tell you that I mortally hate them. Yet neither shall my Native nor acquir'd Antipathy suborn me to say any thing false of them. I will do like a Painter, who will draw the true resemblance of the Face that is most provoking. But then I must give you this Caution, that what I have to say, tho it be true in some measure of all of them; yet it is chiefly to be confin'd to the middle sort of the Nation. For besides that I have most convers'd with them, as a Stranger must of necessity be suppos'd to do, the Genius
of

of a Nation most plainly appears in the middle sort of its People. For great Education, which attends high Birth, or high Fortune, very often improves or corrupts or sophisticates Nature, whilst in those of the middle State she remains unmix'd and unalter'd. These then I have found in the first place excessively vain. Every Man is here a *Narcissus*, and in the flattering glass of his own false imagination is eternally gazing upon himself, or at least upon what he takes for himself. For in this their errors are different, for as that melancholy Boy took himself for another, these merry Fools take something else for themselves. For nothing in Nature is more unlike than the Picture which a *Frenchman* draws of himself. It would be needless to insist longer on this. For they have so long made sport for their neighbouring Nations, by extravagant and absurd commendations of their own, that to endeavour to bring proofs of their Vanity, would be something

thing more ridiculous than that. Now this is certain, that he who abounds in Vanity can want no affectation. For affectation is nothing but a fruitless attempt to counterfeit and falsifie Nature, when a Man impotently endeavours to appear what he really is not, or what he is incapable of being. Nature grows impatient, and struggles to be freed from the constraint that is put upon her, and in the strife there appear'd something so odious that all who are lovers of her, cannot but hate that person who endeavours so rudely to force her. Now Nature in man is various. She is Gay in one, and Froward in another : She is Delicate in a third, in a fourth she is Gross ; and there is not a Man in a Million whom Heaven made fit for all things: yet how many are there, alas ! who by senseless Self-love intoxicated, believe themselves fit for all things, and will be offering at all things. Now such have been always, and will be always affected. And such are the people with whom I have lately

lately convers'd; and I have more particularly remark'd in some of their Provincial Gentlemen, that in their endeavours to shew their admiration mingled with a gentle Passion, they are guilty of affectations so monstrous, that an *English Fop* is not capable of them. Another necessary effect of their vanity is their assurance, or in our Language, their Impudence. For modesty is nothing but the fear of displeasing, when a man believes or at least, suspects that he is defective; and it naturally includes in it a mistrust of our selves, and an esteem of others; which is the reason that renders it lovely to all, when ever it is joyn'd with good qualities. For it flatters and soothes our Self-love, of which no Man can wholly divest himself; by assuring us that we are esteem'd and prefer'd. Now how can anyone have this fear of displeasing, who imagines himself all Perfection, and who swell'd with the
K venom

venom of Pride, like the Toad in the Fable, believes himself greater than those with whose greatness he holds not the least proportion. The *French* then are affected and impudent, which are but the necessary effects of that National Vice, their Vanity. But then have they one very good quality, which proceeds from the same vanity. And that is their extraordinary civility to Strangers. For they are civil to us, not for our satisfaction, but their own; not as they imagine it a duty, but an accomplishment. 'Tis to please himself that a *Frenchman* is officious to me, and 'tis to honour himself that he bows to others. I am pretty confident that I am not deceiv'd here. For I have found by some observation, and some thinking, That there is little good Nature amongst them; For they will deceive or betray you at the very same time they oblige you. Thus have I giv'n you an imperfect account of such of their qualities,
as

as are most conspicuous in them. There are some which lye more hidden. But I have said enough to tire my Self and You.

I am, &c.

K. 2 Turin

Turin, Octob. 25. 88.

I Have here sent you a Journal of my Journey from *Lyons* hither, in which you will find that account of the *Alpes*, which you so earnestly desired of me, before I came out of *England*. I have taken no notice of the Towns in *Savoy*; nor so much as the Rock of *Montmelian*, but have confin'd my self to a Subject which you seem'd to affect so much.

On the nineteenth of *October*, we set out from *Lyons*, and came that night to *Vendellier*, thro a fair Plain, which was sometimes Arable, and sometimes Pasture, and bounded with Rows of Hills at that just distance, as gave tho not a large, an agreable Prospect.

Octob. 20. We came by Noon thro the same Plain, which grew to be sometimes a Marsh to a Bourg, call'd *Tour Du Pin*. From thence, after Dinner, we continued our way, thro whole Groves

Groves of Walnut and Chestnut Trees to Pont Beauvoisin, being the Bridge that separates France and Savoy.

Octab. 21. We entered into Savoy in the Morning, and past over Mount Aiguebellette. The ascent was the more easie, because it wound about the Mountain. But as soon as we had conquer'd one half of it, the unusual height in which we found our selves, the impending Rock that hung over us, the dreadful Depth of the Precipice, and the Torrent that roar'd at the bottom, gave us such a view as was altogether new and amazing. On the other side of that Torrent, was a Mountain that equal'd ours, about the distance of thirty Yards from us. Its craggy Clifts, which we half discern'd, thro the misty gloom of the Clouds that surrounded them, sometimes gave us a horrid Prospect. And sometimes its face appear'd Smooth and Beautiful as the most even and fruitful Vallies. So different from themselves were the different parts of it : In the very same place

Nature was seen Severe and Wanton. In the mean time we walk'd upon the very brink, in a literal sense, of Destruction; one Stumble, and both Life and Carcass had been at once destroy'd. The sense of all this produc'd different motions in me, *viz.* a delightful Horror, a terrible Joy, and at the same time, that I was infinitely, pleas'd I trembled.

From thence we went thro a pleasant Valley bounded with Mountains, whose high but yet verdant Tops seem'd at once to forbid and invite Men. After we had march'd for a League thro the Plain, we arriv'd at the place which they call *La Cave*; where the late Duke of *Savoy* in the Year *Seventy*, struck out a Passage thro a rocky Mountain that had always before been impassible: Performing that by the force of Gun-powder, which Thunder-bolts & Earthquakes could scarce have effected. This Passage is a quarter of an English Mile, made with incredible labour, and the expence of four Millions of Livers. At the Entrance into it is the following pompous Inscription.

Carolus

*Carolus Emanuel Secundus, Subandie Dux,
Pedemontani princeps, Cypri Rex, publicâ
felicitate partâ, singulorum commodis in-
tentus, breviorē, securiorēque hanc
viam regiam, a naturâ occlusam, Roma-
nis intentatam, cæteris desperatam, eversis
Scopulorum repagulis, æquatâ Montium in-
iquitate, quæ cervicibus impendebant præ-
cipitia pedibus substernens, eternis popu-
lorum Commerciis patefecit.*

At Chambery we din'd, the Capital Town
of Savoy. In our way from thence to Mont-
melian, Nature seem'd quite to have chang'd
her Face. There craggy Rocks look'd hor-
rid to the Eye, and Hills appear'd on every
side of so stupendous an heighth, that the
Company was divided at a distance, whe-
ther they should believe them to be funny
Clouds, or the Snowy tops of Mountains.
Here appear'd a Hill with its top quite hid
in black Clouds, and beyond that Hill, & a-
bove those Clouds some higher Mountain
show'd its hoary Head. With this strange
entertainment by the way, we came that
Night to Montmelian. K 4 On

On the 22. we set forward in the morning. The Mountains appear'd to grow still more Lofty. We din'd that day at *Aiguebelle*. In the Afternoon we proceeded on our way, sometimes thro' the Plain, and sometimes on the side of the *Alps*; with which we were hemm'd in on all sides. We then began that day to have the additional diversion, of a Torrent that ran sometimes with fury beneath us, and of the noise of the Cascades, or the down fall of Waters, which sometimes came tumbling a main from the Precipices. We lay that night at *La Chambre*.

On the 23. The morning was very cold, which made us have dismal apprehensions of Mount *Cenis*, since we felt its influence so severely at so great a distance. We arriv'd by Noon at *St. Michel*. In the Afternoon we continued our Journey mostly upon the sides of the Mountains, which were sometimes all cover'd with Pines; and sometimes cultivated, ev'n in places where one would swear the thing were impossible, for they were only not perpendicular. We lay that Night at *Modane*.

OEt. 24. *Modane* is within a dozen Miles of Mount *Cenis*, and therefore the next morning we felt the Cold more severely. We went to Dinner at *Laneburgh*, situate at the foot of Mount *Cenis*.

As soon as we had din'd, we sent our Hories about, and getting up upon Mules began to ascend the Mountain. I could not forbear looking back now and then to contemplate the Town and the Vale beneath me. When I was arriv'd within a hundred Yards of the Top, I could still discern *Laneburgh* at the Bottom, distant Three tedious Miles from me. What an amazing distance? Think what an impression a place must make upon you, which you should see as far under you as 'tis from your House to *Hampstead*. And here I wish I had force to do right to this renown'd Passage of the *Alpes*. 'Tis an easy thing to describe *Rome* or *Naples* to you, because you have seen something your self that holds at least some resemblance with them; but impossible to set a Mountain before your eyes, that is inaccessible almost

most to the sight, and wearies the very Eye to Climb it. For when I tell you that we were arriv'd within a hundred yards of the Top: I mean only the Plain, thro which we afterwards pass'd, but there is another vast Mountain still upon that. If these Hills were first made with the World, as has been a long time thought, and Nature design'd them only as a Mound to inclose her Garden *Italy*: Then we may well say of her what some affirm of great Wits, that her, careless irregular and boldest Strokes are most admirable. For the *Alpes* are works which she seems to have design'd, and executed too in Fury. Yet she moves us less, where she studies to please us more. I am delighted, 'tis true at the prospect of Hills and Valleys, of flowry Meads, and murmuring Streams, yet it is a delight that is consistent with Reason, a delight that creates or improves Meditation. But transporting Pleasures follow'd the sight of the *Alpes*, and what unusual transports think you were those, that were mingled with horrors, and

and sometimes almost with despair? But if these Mountains were not a Creation, but form'd by universal Destruction, when the Arch with a mighty flaw dissolv'd and fell into the vast Abyſs (which surely is the best opinion) then are these Ruines of the old World the greatest wonders of the New. For they are not only vast, but horrid, hideous, ghastly Ruins. After we had gallop'd a League over the Plain, and came at last to descend, to descend thro the very Bowels as it were of the Mountain, for we seem'd to be enclos'd on all sides: What an astonishing Prospect was there? Ruins upon Ruins in monstrous Heaps, and Heaven and Earth confounded. The uncouth Rocks that were above us, Rocks that were void of all form, but what they had receiv'd from Ruine; the frightful view of the Precipices, and the foaming Waters that threw themselves headlong down them, made all such a Confort up for the Eye, as that sort of Musick does for the Ear, in which Horrour can be joyn'd with Harmony

mony. I am afraid you will think that I have said too much. Yet if you had but seen what I have done, you would surely think that I have said too little. However Hyperboles might easily here be forgiven. The *Alpes* appear to be Nature's extravagancies, and who should blush to be guilty of Extravagancies, in words that make mention of her's. But 'tis time to proceed. We descended in Chairs, the descent was four English Miles. We past thro *Novalese*, situate at the Foot of Mount *Cenis* on the side of *Italy*, and lay that Night at *Suse*. We din'd the next day at *Villane*, and thro a pleasant Valley came that Night to this place.

I am, &c.

Rome

Rome Decemb. 1. 1688.

TO perform the promise which I made you in my last, I venture to say something of the Ancient and Modern *Italians*, tho you do not consider that when you made that request to me, you put me upon a necessity of disobliging my Friend by a refusal, or exposing my self by treating of a Subject for which I am wholly unqualified. It is true, when I was at *Lyons* in compliance with your desire, I ventur'd to say something of the *French*. But besides that I had been longer in *France* than I have in *Italy*, the *French* lye so open, that a Man who will observe them, may as well venture to give their Character in a Months time, as he may in several years. For they who are excessively vain, take as much pains to show themselves, as a Stroler at a Fair does a Monster. 'Tis the constant business of their Lives to paint out their Virtues to you; nay, and their Defects which their Vanity mistakes for their Virtues. But the *Italians* are as reserv'd to Strangers as the *French* are open: and one would wonder how they who show much Flegm before they are very well acquainted, should be able afterwards, in so strange a manner, to animate Conversation. But to come to my business, 'tis wonderful you say, that the Modern *Italians* should appear so different from the Ancient, since they breath the same Air, and are nourish'd by the same Soil. For since the affinity

is so near betwixt the Soul and the Body, and they work so strongly upon each other, you say it is but reasonable to believe that the Climate which helps to give the Body its Complexion, should help to give the Mind its Temper. Now since you have reason, you say, to suppose that the Climate of *Italy* is very near the same at this day, that it was two Thousand Years agoe, you cannot but wonder that the Modern *Italians* should appear so different from the Ancient. The *French* are the very same now that *Cæsar* described them formerly, excepting that they are grown a more polish'd sort of Barbarians. The *Carthaginians* were fam'd for their Cruelty & their Perfidiousness; and those two Vices are at present, inseparable from the Inhabitants of the Coasts of *Barbary*. But the *Italians*, you say, are at present renown'd for several extraordinary Vices, which were utterly unknown to the Ancient *Romans*, to whose Virtues the Modern are utterly Strangers.

In answer to this, give me leave to tell you that you are mistaken in part of your Assertion. For the Vices which are to be found at this day in *Italy*, were the Vices of the Ancient *Romans*. Their Empire ow'd its Rise to the same Crimes which dissolv'd it, and there were proportionably as many Villains in the *Rome* of *Romulus*, as there are in that of *Innocent* the Eleventh. Consider the Factions of *Marius* and *Sylla*, and the two Triumvirs following, and you will find infinitely more examples of black Revenge than you can amongst Modern *Italians*. What can be more bloody than those
those

those times? Or more treacherous and base than those of *Tiberius*? 'Tis true from the time of the first Consuls, to the end of the *Punick War*, there flourish'd a continual Race of Heroes, with whom if you compare the Modern *Italians*, they seem to be Men of quite different frames, and Inhabitants of a different part of the World. A capacity to practise those glittering Virtues, which the World so much admires, depends very much upon force of mind, which depends in some sort on the Complexion, as that does in some sort on the Climate. But then is it certain that there is the very same force of mind requir'd to be prodigiously wicked, that is required to be heroically Virtuous. Weak people are but wicked by halves, but whenever we hear of high and enormous Crimes, we may conclude, that they proceed from a power of Soul and a reach of Thought, which are altogether extraordinary. So that the Modern *Italians*, who by your own confession are skill'd in all the ways of exquisite wickedness, come into the World with as much natural capacity to exert heroick Virtue, as ever the Ancient *Romans* did.

Force of Mind makes a Man capable of great Virtues, or of great Vices; but it determines him to neither. Education, Discipline and Accidents of Life constitute him either a great Philosopher, or an illustrious Libertine.

As strongest bodies cannot be secure from Infection in pestilential Seasons, so Minds that have most force are apt to be tainted by the Contagion of Epidemick Vices.

The

The two most glittering Virtues that shin'd amongst the ancient *Romans*, were greatness of Mind and heroick Fortitude: 'Twas that greatness of Mind that made one of their Generals reject with disdain, the offer that was made him to poyson the most formidable Enemy to their State: whereas the modern *Italians* have at every turn recourse to Stiletto and Poyson, which are almost their only offensive Weapons.

Do but compare the happy and flourishing state of the old Commonwealth, with the wretched condition of the modern *Italians*, and you will soon find the reason why the *Romans* were Brave and Honourable Enemies; and why the *Italians* at present are base ones. For this is most certain, That no Man can basely offer violence to another without doing some to himself. From whence it follows that no Man will do it, unless in some measure he believes it necessary. No Man then will take a base revenge of another who believes that he can take an honourable one. No Man will ever have recourse to Treachery who is confident of prevailing by open force. Now great success most commonly inspires great Thoughts, and inspires a noble Presumption, which renders Men Brave and Magnanimous: whereas we frequently see that Men with their Fortunes and Liberties lose their very Spirits and Souls, according to the observation of the Comick Poet. *Ut res nostra sint, ita nos magni atque humiles sumus.*

F I N I S.

